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For the New-Yorker.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

He fell! amid the sunny cliffs
Of our own mountain land,
With the white foe in his savage path,
The chief of warrior band;
He fell! as valiant chief should should fall,
With his good bow at his side,
Yet the heaped-up earth alone may tell
Where the Indian warrior died.

He fell! at twilight's lingering hour,
Amid the battle shout,
When the dying groans of the wounded foe
On the free wild winds went out;
Yet they tell me when the warrior died,
They watched his parting breath,
Then laid him down to his place of rest,
Without the robe of death.

Rude warriors gathered round his head,
And flung his dark locks by,
For they felt 'twas sad that the early brave
In his manhood's strength should die;
Yet they laid him down to the silent grave
And flung the rude earth o'er;
For the Chief might lead to the battle call
Of his savage tribe no more.

They laid him where rude forest trees
Their giant branches wave,
And the wild clematis gently flings
Her white flowers o'er his grave;
Yet the deer in his spring-time sport goes by,
With a lordly look of pride,
And the young fawn leaps o'er his quiet grave,
Nor heeds where the Brave hath died.

They laid him where the eagle looks
From her proud eyrie down,
To the Indian's holy place of rest,
On the sunlit mountain's crown;
Yet they laid the warrior not to rest
As Indian Chief should lie;
For the reckless feet of the red man's foes
Tread o'er him wantonly.

And is it thus that thou should'st rest,
Thou chief of warrior band,
Far from the mountains and the streams,
Of thy own forest land?
Oh! no—yet by the lingering love
Thy brother hath for thee,
By the savage deeds thy hands have wrought,
Thou 'lt not forgotten be.

Wallsboro', Pa. Jan. 1837. MARY EMILY JACKSON.

For the New-Yorker.

SHREDS AND PATCHES,

FROM THE DRAWER OF A DEFUNCT SNIP.

XXII. A LEAF FROM LIFE.

Sorrowful was my heart when I heard of the death of Caroline Warner, and for the first time since I left my teens I shed a tear. What singular beings we are!—and how unaccountable to ourselves. For years I had persuaded myself that I hated that girl, and never during that time had I heard her name but a curse upon her treacherous heart had sprung to my lips. Yet now, as John entered and abruptly said—"Caroline Warner is dead!" the blood rushed back to my heart, a hand of fire seemed resting on my brain, and the next moment I burst into tears. I wept freely and long, and a weight seemed lifted from my heart. How John did stare! I verily believe that from that moment to this he has been fully persuaded that I am subject to fits of insanity.

I met Caroline Warner when I was but eighteen. She was two years my junior and very beautiful. Shall I describe her? No—I won't. Just think of the one whom you love best—or, if like mine your years are in the 'sere and yellow leaf,' and like me you are still uncompanioned, think of her you *loved* best—that gentle, fawn-eyed girl who hung upon your words as there were music in them—and you will have a very correct portrait of Caroline Warner. Thrown often into each other's society, we thought it incumbent upon us to fall in love. This we did with a right good will, and like all true lovers were never happy except in each other's presence. I wrote odes and sonnets and canzonets for her, and she braided watch-guards and stitched pin-cushions for me. Had any one insinuated to me at that time that she was not an angel—by my soul! but I should have blown his brains out, had I been gibbeted for it the next minute. How much cooler my blood is now!

Months passed away, and our love became stronger and deeper. It was no longer a childish thing—a passion to be forgotten in the first month of absence. All the faculties of our being seemed absorbed and centred in this one feeling. It became the very aliment and element of our souls, and we yielded ourselves to the glad delirium without one thought that it would ever end. We were betrothed, and were looking forward with a deep joy to the day when with clasped hands we should stand before the holy man and hear the words that should make us 'one flesh.' There was no ill in our hearts then.

Shall I turn the canvass suddenly, and show the dark side of the picture? Caroline Warner was a coquette. That she loved me fervently I cannot doubt—and as long as I was without a rival she loved me alone. But a rival came. His words were more musical than water gliding over silver, and he spoke with an apparent sincerity that found its way at once to the heart. Travel in foreign climes had polished his manners and added to his store of knowledge. He had trod classic soil—had buried himself amid the monuments of genius

"In that bright land the blue Ægean laves
Where loveliness is wedded to decay,
Beauty to desolation"—

and his mind had become deeply imbued with classic lore. Let me do him justice. In every respect save one he was my superior. In person he was a very Apollo, and in talents and acquirements he was far beyond even my most flattering opinion of myself. But he had not an upright heart. He spoke with a double tongue, and the believer of his words was deceived. Caroline met him—flirted with him, just for fun—and—resolved to think no more of him. Poor girl! she knew not the power of the tempter within the circle of whose enchantments she had carelessly trod. With a skilful hand he had touched the cord of vanity in her heart, and knew how tremblingly it thrilled to his touch. From that moment he felt secure of his victim. Caroline met him again and again. I saw it—and the demon of jealousy was roused in my heart, and when I saw my betrothed I showered reproaches upon her. My words were bitter, and bitterly they stung. Smarting under my rebuke she left me, and listened to the oily words of the stranger, for there was healing in his flattery. I met them in their walk, and muttering a curse between my teeth strode sullenly away. Is any being so irritable as a jealous lover?

I saw Caroline but once again. Alas! how a few weeks had changed us both! Neither was happy, and we felt it. We felt, too, that a few words of explanation from each, and the breach between us might be healed. But pride, strong, overmastering pride, laid his finger upon our hearts and forbade their gentler pulsations. We strangled the memory of past happiness, and gloated over the misery we had so recently made for ourselves. Reproach was given for reproach, crimination succeeded to crimination, until with an angry spirit and a heated brain I cursed her in my wrath, and turned away from her for ever! A fever of the brain ensued, and for six months my life seemed trembling upon the very verge of death. But a naturally strong constitution prevailed, and I arose at length from the bed of sickness a wiser but a sadder man. The sunshine of my life was gone. The Eden of my years was lost. Ever since then a hand of ice has been upon my heart. I had grown prematurely old. I easily persuaded myself that my love had turned to hate—and when I heard at length that Caroline had fallen a victim to seduction, I answered only with a fiendish laugh! O God! how agony withers the heart and crazes the brain!

And Caroline Warner died—a broken-hearted girl!—Bitterly did she repent her folly, but her repentance came too late. She died, with a prayer for him who had wrought her ruin, and a blessing for me, the early loved, trembling upon her lips. Her shame is hidden in the grave—but a malison be on him who planted the killing sorrow in her heart, burning and withering up her life, till the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken.

Beautiful, erring, ill-fated girl! He who gave of the waters of life to the woman of Samaria, and blessed the penitent Magdalene who wept upon his feet, hath also forgiven thee. The seal of that forgiveness was upon thy heart as its last feeble pulsation was given, and the smile of a pardoning God glowed upon thine upturned countenance, as the shadows of Death came over thine eye and the earth faded from thy vision for ever!

XXIII. A LONG FOR THE TIMES.

Scribblers! a fig for your sentimentality!
'Laugh and be fat,' is the motto for me—
I like a man who has true joviality,
Laughing and singing and dancing in glee.
Fie for the heart of the poor poetaster!
Breaking and pining, in prose and in verse;
Whip up your Pegasus, make him go faster—
Soon will your heart be as light as your purse!

Babbling of woes is a very poor business—
Talking of dying is all out of date—
Marriage is folly, and 'love is a dizziness'—
Leave to the vulgar to love and to hate.
Prosing and dozing are quite out of fashion—
Love, for a fiddle, has bartered his dart—
None but the simple acknowledge a passion—
None but the vulgar lay claim to a heart.

Frolic and fun is the true end of living—
Poets grow lean when they deal in romance—
Leave unto spinsters the charity-giving;
Hey for the light-hearted belles and the dance!
None but a 'gawky' would 'think of another's'—
'Live for yourself' is the true golden rule—
None but the gay we acknowledge as brothers—
Mercy is voted a bore and a fool!

XXIV. THE HEART.

Few people hold close communion with their own hearts. It is a terrible thing to question it continuously—severely—and feel the truth of its replies, wrung out, fraction by fraction, till the questioner sees himself revealed and humbled at the revelation. There is far more of profound and far-reaching knowledge than most men are willing to perceive in the exclamation of the Hebrew poet—'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked!' And yet men need not be thus deceived. It is because they *dare* not learn the truth—they fear to know themselves. I share in this fear. Once or twice I have torn the mask away, and looked on the nakedness of the heart—but I shut my eyes and tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no devil there. I will not confess it now. It is not a difficult matter to know more of our neighbor than ourself, for we do not fear to study him. We read him as an open book, and though we can not pry closely into every page, we can peruse the table of contents and learn more than he would be willing to tell. I thank God for the restraining influences which he throws around man—for His monitions without and within, to keep and to cherish the spirit of good in the human heart, that it may not wholly die! But for these, how soon would the light of the inner temple go out in darkness, and a midnight of despair and horror wrap the soul!

XXV. SONNET—DECEMBER.

A voice is on the air—the long, low howl
Of Winter, coming from his frosty home
Over our pleasant valley paths to roam,
Girt with his zone of ice. The roused winds growl
As maddened at his presence—and a frown
Sits on the brow of heaven, serene erewhile
In the faint glow of Autumn's quivering smile.
The streams, ice-bound, move sluggishly along
To their own muffled, melancholy song.
The tall old trees, robbed of their leafy crown
Shake their rude branches to the eddying storm
In fierce defiance, as it hustles by—
And dimly towering to the cloud-wrapt sky
The Tempest-Spirit lifts his shadowy form!

XXVI. LEGAL WIT.

Counsellor J. was no less remarkable for his ignorance of law than for his imperturbable assurance and profound self-esteem. With him stupidity and pretension went hand in hand, and it was difficult to tell what was his most prominent characteristic. Some believed it was vanity. So completely blinded was he by this, that he could not perceive, what was apparent to every one else, that his brethren of the bar made him the continual butt of their ridicule. At one time they induced him to perform some dozen or twenty evolutions round a centre-table by hinting to him that his gait resembled that of a celebrated Judge. There was no end to the tricks of this kind which were played upon him. While attending Court where the facilities for consulting 'the books' were rather limited, a young lawyer expressed a wish to consult some work which could not be obtained in the library connected with the Court-Room. "I always carry my law with me," said J. with a consequential air, tapping significantly upon his forehead. "Yes—n atly done up in *calf*," was the dry retort.

XXVII. A THOUGHT—BUT NOT A NEW ONE.

Well is it for us that our minds are so constituted that they can draw upon the Past and the Future for that happiness which the Present denies. Were it not for retrospection and anticipation, life would hardly be worth the continual care required for its preservation. If Heaven itself were an eternal *present*, it would be robbed of more than half its bliss. V. G. A.

For the New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS OF TRAVEL.—No. V.

A TRIP FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

Messagerie of Lafitte—Departure from Paris—Dejeuner a la fourchette—Amiens—Saint Pol—Calais—Deranged widow—Officer of Napoleon—Incident in a small boat—Captain of the steamer—King's messenger—Dover—London.

My dear F.—You have never been in France, and, as a stranger, I will introduce you to the *Messagerie* (coach-office) of Lafitte, Caillard & Co.; the principal of which establishment, however he has witnessed the fluctuations of the dynasty of '30, and melted away a massive fortune to a petty million by adhering to its primal declarations, has not acquired more general notoriety from his consistent political principles than from this bureau of public utility. The Messagerie comprises a large square court, inclosed by a lofty range of distinct offices; and over every door is designated the particular town or country to the business of which each office is exclusively devoted. This provision is as extensive as it is admirable,—for a momentary glance will suffice to point out the place of your destination; and, in a few minutes after, your arrangements for a journey may be perfected, so harmoniously does a system in action govern all the regulations of the company.

The period of its glory is in the afternoon, when fifteen or twenty *diligences* are scattered through the court opposite to their offices, as they are respectively intended for Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, or any other part of the world.—The lading of the diligences by the eternally chattering employés and the *conducteurs*—the parting of friends in as many different languages as ever descended from Babel—the emphatic *sacres* of the postillions, struggling to subdue six refractory steeds before each vehicle—the startling snapping of the whip of one of the French Johns, who will extract the outline of a tune from the sinuous turns of a lash as dexterously as a trumpeter wields his wind-instrument of crotchets and quavers—and the rattling diligences as they are rolled off by their straggling and neighing steeds—all at the same moment, can give you a faint idea of the ceaseless hum of this little busy world. In the heart of Paris, it forms an inexhaustible centre from which its radii are continually diverging to an almost illimitable circumference; and, whether in the North or South, East or West, your eye will daily notice one or more of these travelling representatives of Lafitte & Co.

Punctuality is the motto of the place. The finger of a large dial, that overlooks the court, pointed to half past four, as friend S. joined me in occupying the *coupé* of the diligence for Calais—the parting with our friends was finished, and immediately we were thundering away from the scene of commotion through the porch of the Rue St. Honoré—Street after street was threaded, the Boulevard was crossed, the city gate, with its gendarmerie, was left behind us, and we were on our way to the coast, smiled upon by one of the fairest days of the season. But the day was on the decline, night closed in, and we were left to rest, perchance to sleep: that always depends upon the state of the roads, or upon the quality of your dinner.

The morning broke in upon our slumbers, the rain pouring in torrents, and neither of us refreshed from repose in the sitting posture. Mine was a treasonable sleep, which, without possessing the reality of life, recalled the images of past days, robed in a charm of vesture that rendered disappointment more keen, especially as the delusion vanished before an invincibly chilling storm, surpassing in fury a legitimate American Northeaster.

Our thoughts were soon directed to our companions in affliction, as the diligence stopped at Amiens for a *déjeüner à la fourchette*. We found that a jovial, happy family of six had been our adjoining neighbors, whose jests and laughing merriment evinced their thorough knowledge of the philosophy of travelling, and that a widow, with her maid-servant and dog—the latter an indispensable appendage to a widow in France—had occupied the compartment still beyond; but the widow, I fancy, was not well versed in the philosophy of any thing, for the best intended civilities only seemed to render her more snappish than even her dog, who, by the by, was extremely well behaved for a French cur.

A travellers' table in France is a famous place for universal acquaintance, and most of us were good friends of any date. Chance brought S. opposite to one of the 'happy family,' a beautiful and lively *grisette*, whose dark eyes sparkled mischief, and whose witty tongue beguiled the time most agreeably for him. The widow opposed me, her face not remarkably soft or young, and her voice favored with a sharp intonation that indicated the departure of happier days—in addition to a husband. I flatter myself that by dint of attention, I mellowed the irascible spirit of the good lady, for I absolutely observed several abortive attempts at smiling. It was an unceasing restlessness, however, that seemed to prevail most with her, attended by the utterance of several strange speeches, creating, ever and anon, a look of surprise from all present, until a desultory conversation elicited the name of Napoleon. It was then she seemed inspired, and broke forth into an eulogistic strain that put my admiration of that great man to the blush, and, by frequent and loud repetitions of his name, aroused the whole company to suspicious astonishment, as it was only the second day subsequent to the transpiring of the news in Paris of the futile attempt of the young Louis Napoleon at Strasbourg; and, as a disguised gendarmerie is constantly on the alert, frequenting every hotel and coffee-house in the kingdom, many of our companions very naturally feared her wild declamations might be construed into treason, and that we should find our repose within stone walls with grated windows far short of our anticipated apartments at Calais. An unexpected charge for the *dejeuner* fortunately brought the lady to scolding, and subsequently to reason, so that we were permitted to finish our wine of Bordeaux and our shell-fish of Ostend without the image of a prison in the prospective.

We were at Amiens, but the elements warred against our seeing aught save its splendid Cathedral, whose splendid architecture renders it an ornament of France and a venerable memorial of past days. How deeply are those days fraught with the spirit of romance, engendering enthusiasm for the Cross, the clang of arms, and the heroic deeds of chivalry! Here the dark eyes of Peter the Hermit flashed the zealot's fire; and hence proceeded his footsteps to fan the fire of religious bigotry into a mighty and consuming flame throughout Christendom! Here was held a conclave of regal potentates—of France, England, Arragon, Navarre and Bohemia: they made the firm resolve—they waved their banners in proud defiance—the tramp of their steeds was heard in the direction of the Holy Land! Many revolutions have occurred since the days of the Crusades, but Amiens has gathered her forty thousand inhabitants in mercantile quietude; the short-lived alliance of England and France—the 'treaty of Amiens'—being the last distinguishing remembrance of her name.

Again separated from our travelling friends, the continuance of the rain was far from divesting the day of monotony, as our enormous vehicle was dragged slowly onward, over a road badly conditioned from the storm, and through the town of Saint Pol, once taken and destroyed by the Emperor Charles V. and a few small villages. Although we dozed through the ensuing night with admirable patience, we were ungrateful enough to quit our diligence the next morning without reluctance, and partake of the hospitality of the *Hotel de Quilliac à Calais*. We passed adieus with all the travellers, the widow included; and the 'happy family,' being first in our esteem, was parted from with sincere regret. The oft-told history of Calais I need not repeat—its siege and occupation by the irritated Edward—the devoted patriotism of Eustache de Saint Pierre—or its restoration to France. If dullness is a recommendation, Calais deserves a high reputation; and even a promenade upon its time-worn ramparts will not repay the traveller at this bleak and desolate period of the year. It possesses the characteristics of all the French coast towns—of having a mixed population of English and French—the former making it their first retreat from the demands of creditors, or for the retrenchment of previous extravagant expenditures in living.

Calais! thou art engraven on my memory!—for thou hast witnessed two incidents of my life; and, though essentially different, may I ever be preserved from the repetition of either. We were strolling through the streets of the town, and had nearly attained the market-place, as the attention and, soon after, the person of S. was drawn off to one of the 'happy family' whom he espied in the distance. At the same moment, I was arrested by a call, "*Monsieur! Monsieur, s'il vous plait!*" Directing my eyes across the street, I beheld the widowed admirer of Napoleon, and, in compliance with the demands of politeness, I attended her summons, to be seized by the arm, and to be dragged, consenting or objecting, through a tedious promenade upon the long pier that protects the harbor of Calais. I mildly remonstrated against the too great extension of our walk, but it availed not—my arm was in a vice. I consoled myself by studying each stone and each angle of the modest monument erected upon the pier to commemorate the restoration of Louis XVIII. and now defaced by the rude removal of the brass tablet that recorded the event, by the same population that in the year '14 descended to every form of adulation! I stood upon the spot where the foot of royalty first touched the pier—the turn-up plate that noted the important circumstance being consigned, with its fellow of the monument, to the brazier's crucible.

Sorry consolation, all this, in a cutting wind. If there had been 'rhyme or reason' in speech or act, I would have philosophised over the peculiarities of human character,—but, as it was, I saw not the least ray of hope, until my lady suddenly concluded to return. It was then I fallaciously fancied that Reason had resumed her throne, forgetting the uncertainty of anticipated events. I was soon reminded of my error, for, as we retraced our steps to the busy throng, I found we were (enviable distinction!) 'lions of the town'—gazed at by man and child! Peculiarity of her dress achieved this in part; peculiarity of manner effected the rest.

I mentally quoted 'Alps on Alps arise,' not dreaming that I should be taken at the thought, as several youngsters, with ominous scrips in their hands, pressed politely around *Madame*, simply requesting that she would cancel her account for 'this bonnet,' for 'this shawl,' or for other things ordered during the morning; to which Madame replied with the most perfect *sang-froid*, offering them five *sous*, if they chose to accept them for compensation; if not, no alternative but

to retain their goods at pleasure. These incipient merchants of Calais, unaccustomed to this mode of doing business, demurred strongly, until their increased clamors congregated a mob, deafened my unsophisticated ears, and threw the widow into a foaming passion. I reasoned with Madame—I reasoned with them—they were all raving mad! To be locked arm in arm with a maniac—the esteemed accomplice of one stark, staring mad—urged me on to desperation.—'As from the flames of Troy did pious Æneas the good Anchises bear;' so from the populace of duns, did pious I this frantic widow tear! I reached the hotel—I gained the saloon, and absolved me of my charge—as I stood panting before the *grisette*, a meaning smile upon her lips, with her melting eyes larger than ever, and S. enjoying the affair with a graceless laugh! They had met since the parting at the diligence—they had seen me with Madame—they knew that I was victimized—a conclusion I had arrived at myself so satisfactorily that I have resolved that I will willingly encounter the chances of war, but never the fit denizen of a lunatic asylum.

The second incident was near proving more serious. The state of the weather was such that the government steamer was the only one that would cross the Channel, her hour of departure being appointed at twelve, or as soon after as the mail arrived. To anticipate the falling of the tide, she passed out from the harbor quite early, and anchored a mile or more from the shore. At noon we were upon the pier, in time to witness the gathering of the scattered clouds into darker and darker forms, until a tremendous storm poured forth its fury upon the land and the sea. Its violence soon subsided, yet seemed not expended, as we ventured out to seek a boat to transport us to the steamer. The weather-seasoned mariners refused the service of their vocation, and the embrowned pilots shook their heads and warned us of danger. So we relinquished the idea of seeing Dover until another day.

Accident threw an old acquaintance in our way—an officer of the Empire—and at his pressing invitation we consumed a cheerful hour at his residence. He said it not, but his heart yearned for the Imperial days. We left him, and now from habit bent our steps to the pier. The *Estafette* had arrived with the mail and government despatches; and a boat, manned with eight sturdy oarsmen, a pilot, and a King's messenger, was pushing off for the steamer. The impulse of the moment preceded reflection, and with unmeasured rapidity we were on board. The stern faces of these coasting men, as they exchanged farewells with their daily companions, revived the memory of their previous predictions, and we began to think—but it was too late—the die was cast—we were on our route.

Our little craft shot swiftly by the pier, and was soon struggling with the sand breakers that had accumulated no slight additional force from the storm of the day. Our men pulled vigorous oars—our boat proudly mounted wave after wave, and the broken spray passed idly by. We pushed onward—the struggle was becoming more difficult, and the men breathed more hard. A large wave, with a beautiful crest of sparkling white, was before us—it fell athwart our boat's plunging head—we rode upon its brow, as its close following fellow set us trembling upon a wave, ere we were rolling in a trough of the sea. For an instant, these hardy-looking fellows seemed paralysed—their oars were unpulled—and then—a change—the clamor of discontent. A second more, and we were lost. "*Courage, mes braves! beaucoup d'argent à boire!*" cried the King's messenger, with opportune presence of mind. Its reiteration—the promise of drink-money—acted with electrical effect in impelling them to a sudden effort, barely in time to escape the next impending sea. The waves increased in fury: to return was certain destruction. Our safety depended upon the strength and guidance of our boat. Slowly we breasted sea after sea—their waters dashed over us—but all our thoughts were concentrated to the cheering of our seamen. Again, we were as before—our bark was struck, and lay quivering like an aspen—a single breath would have borne her away and buried us in the unknown caverns of the deep. Our dark-faced men grew pale—the workings of impotent rage marked the mien of some, seemingly, that hire had lured them from the safety of the shore; but their apparent doom mastered the most.—"*Beaucoup d'argent!*" oft repeated, lost its talismanic charm. The suggestion of the moment drained our purses,—and the glittering coin, as it touched their brawny palms, never seemed so invaluable to us—it saved our lives! All was the affair of an instant, yet almost half an instant too late, for our bow was scarcely turned, ere the curling crest of another breaker left us tottering as its broken foam half filled our boat. "On, on, my brave fellows! the danger is almost past!" They worked like men. We left the sea of brilliant crests, destructive as beautiful, and were soon bounding over mountain waves whose frank faces greeted us like a smiling Paradise. With 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, as they say at sea,' we neared the steamer, and, despite her rearing and plunging, were soon planted upon her deck.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the portly captain, who emerged at this moment from the cabin door, at the summons of his mate, having left the unfinished meal at which he had comfortably located himself for a long sitting, little dreaming of being disturbed during that day. "*Mon Dieu, Messieurs!*"—and he looked with his largest eyes, and expressed as politely as possible that he did not think there were so many madmen in France who would venture through such a raging surf as interposed between the steamer and the shore. There were two Americans in the company that never will, I fancy, encounter the same estimation by a similar act of folly.

"*Je suis mouille jusu'aux os!*" groaned the King's messenger, as he thrust aside his dripping surtout, and exhibited the badge of his station, not materially improved by seabathing.

"If you are only wet to the skin, *mon ami*, you are fortunate," responded friend S. who is not infrequently quaint and dry, although at this time exceedingly *wet*; "for, beside a thorough soaking of my habiliments, my interior is completely drenched with saline draughts."

This was not more literal than true. In the midst of danger, it had escaped his mind to close his mouth, like an astonished urchin gazing at a spectacle,—and very naturally it became the receptacle of part of every dash of the sea that saluted us. It was a poser, however, for *Monsieur* the messenger, who decidedly preferred potations of brandy and other spirits than those of 'the vasty deep,' in devotion to which he was only exceeded by the sympathetic captain.

Before the Channel was half crossed, the pregnant clouds had vanished, save a distant reach of black that seemed suspended like a bird of ill omen over the 'Blue and White Noses'—the horns of the crescentic stretch of land that comprises the circuit of Boulogne. The tempest-tost sea grew more calm, and, as the shades of evening fell, we were parleying with the officers of customs at Dover. By the aid of a cheering fire, and the generous fare of 'The Ship' hotel, we half forgot the perils of the day—dreamed the night through in a mail-coach—and, the ensuing morning, were mingling with the countless multitude of this leviathan of cities.

London, Nov. 6, 1836. GERALD.

FRANKLIN.—Americans certainly admire this man, and to speak against him, would be like applying a match to a magazine, so powerful would be the opposition. For the sake of informing our readers that he *can be spoken against* we extract the following from an English Magazine.

'The Americans still panegyrize this man. His known skill makes the standing figure of those swelling and school boy productions, the fourth of July speeches, the annual elaborate abortions of Republican eloquence. But what, ever they may do with his name, they should abjure his spirit. To Franklin and to his doctrine of money-getting, his substitution of the mere business of amassing for the generous and natural uses of wealth, his turning the American into a mere calculator of profit and loss, and America into a huge counting-house, is due a vast portion of every evil belonging to the character of her people, and every convulsion that so inevitably threatens her government. The sooner they lay his maxims and his memory in the grave together, the better for the national chance of honor. The spirit of a pedlar ought not to preside over the councils of a great people. The Americans may erect his statue in their Temple of Mammon, if they will; but they must close the temple, and embrace a loftier worship, before they can be worthy of the renown of their ancestors, or fitting trustees, of the virtues to their posterity.'

"You don't love me, I know you don't!" said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for keen penetration," was the consoling reply.

[The following lines possess a melancholy interest as the last effusion of our deceased correspondent. *Ed.*]

For the New-Yorker.

THE WARNING.

Love me not! though firm my heart
Is bound by kindred ties to thine,
It would but rend the links apart
Which Youth and Hope around thee twine.
Oh! ere thy heart own Love's deep spell,
Receive the warning—heed it well.

Oh never, never, seek to bind
With mine thy joyous destiny—
It would but be to wed with Pain,
The child of wo and misery:
Then turn thee from the fatal brink—
Thy fate with mine seek not to link.

No! never ask me to be thine—
Thine by the holiest, tend'rest tie
Which binds two hearts in bliss divine,
Ordained by HIM enthroned on high;
Heed well this warning, lest too late
Thou mourn'st o'er bright hopes desolate.

Mine is a dark and fearful doom,
Of with'ring dark despair and wo;
It sheds its cold and midnight gloom
On all I love and prize below.
Then cherish not one idle hope,
But with Love's influence proudly cope.

Like rainbow hues supremely bright,
All nature to thy view appears;
And nought has yet had power to blight
The promise of Youth's glorious years:
Then never, never seek to wed
With one whose hopes are scar'd and dead.

To me Life is a stifled sigh:
Earth seems a desert, cold and bare:
But yet—alone, unlov'd to die—
Those words are fraught with deep despair:
Oh gladly, could it be, my heart
With thine would own a kindred part.

But no—I cannot, will not crush
The hoper of glory which are thine:
I'll bid my heart's wild throbbings hush,
For thou—thou never canst be mine.
Broken for aye 's Loves magic spell—
Tears mingle with this last farewell.

Schodack Landing, Dec. 5, 1836. ELOISA.

EGYPT—THE HOLY LAND.

(From the Boston Mercantile Journal.)

MR. CATHERWOOD'S LECTURES.—The second Lecture of this gentleman, which took place last evening at the Odeon, was a description of the Arab tribes, the curiosities of Upper Egypt and Nubia, the cataracts of the Nile, and the journey to Mount Sinai and through the Great Desert, to the borders of Palestine.

The character of the Arab tribes is generally misunderstood or misrepresented. They are neither treacherous nor inhospitable; but during his stay among them, which was for several months, Mr. C. experienced great kindness from them. They have little or no desire for money, and he had no occasion for the use of it while among them. Their trade is carried on by barter, and they have no coins of their own, but sometimes make use of rings of specified value as a substitute. They are divided into two distinct classes, one of which lead a pastoral life, and live in tents, with their herds around them—the other reside in cities and towns. They form a population of eight or ten millions.

The journey from Thebes to the Red Sea, requiring about four days, is highly interesting, although it lies mostly through a barren country. The road, for a part of the distance, abounds with jasper and alabaster, and upon the borders of the sea the shells are very beautiful. He describes a structure discovered by Mr. Barton, an English traveller, a few years ago, upon the sea coast. It was eight or nine feet high, and composed partly of human bones and decayed garments, probably of some shipwrecked sailors, as there are no inhabitants in that vicinity, and near it was found a watch. On examining, it was found to contain a *nest*. It was evidently not constructed by human hands, and it is impossible to account for its existence. There are no animals or birds inhabiting the desert, except the ostrich.

Leaving Thebes, and ascending the Nile, the first cataract is found about five or six hundred miles from the sea. It is unlike the Falls of Niagara, being merely rapids extending five or six miles; although the whole fall is something like three hundred feet, there is no perpendicular descent of more than ten feet. Passing the cataract, and on entering Nubia, is found a people of very different character, and speaking an entirely different language.

Mr. C. describes the ruins of a magnificent temple in Nu-

bia, containing fourteen rooms, many of which exhibit statuary of immense proportions. One statue, cut from a single piece of granite, measured across the shoulders twenty-six feet, and the ears were five or six feet long. The door-way was covered with sand, and he employed several men many days to pour water upon it to render it of sufficient firmness to pass over. The inhabitants are wild but civil.

On leaving Nubia, he again found tribes of Arabs, speaking the same language as the other tribes described. These tribes were, however, found to be at war with each other, and his progress up the Nile was arrested. He remained three months under the protection of one of their chiefs; but being warned by him that his life was in danger, he escaped in the night, by the chief's advice, descended the river, and, while passing the rapids, narrowly escaped being drowned.

On arriving again at Cairo, he found the plague was making great ravages among the inhabitants. Twenty-five thousand persons were swept off in this single city by this disease during that year. Mr. C. stated the singular fact that the plague never ascended beyond the first cataract.

Mr. C. gave an interesting description of the first discoveries made in hieroglyphics by the French, and explained the manner of interpreting them; which he stated was mostly discovered by Dr. Young, an English traveller. The descriptions and explanations given were much of the same character as contained in 'Champollion's Hieroglyphics,' an interesting little work on this subject, which we presume is for sale at the Bookstores.

The Pasha of Egypt has an army of 100,000 men, well disciplined, and a considerable naval force. The number of inhabitants contained in his dominions is about two millions and a half. Polygamy, although sanctioned by law, is not at this time generally practised except among the higher class, and mostly by them for the reason that it is considered to contribute to their dignity.

Mr. C. on leaving Cairo, passed over the route supposed to have been taken by the Israelites in their departure from Egypt. The Arabs treasure up and are fond of traditions, and pointed out to him the place where Moses crossed the Red Sea, and described to him the action of the winds as they sometimes force back the waters of the sea at this place. They have a tradition, however, that Pharaoh was not drowned as is supposed; nor is it necessary to suppose that he was, from the record in Holy Writ, as it is there stated that 'the hosts of Pharaoh were drowned.' This tradition is also confirmed by several inscriptions still in existence, as the Arabs insist, referring to this same Pharaoh, bearing dates subsequent to the exody of the Israelites. Much caution, however, is to be exercised in receiving these traditions.

At the end of the second day's journey, he arrived at the well of bitter waters, the location of which it is not difficult to determine, as the water is at this day extremely bitter.—On approaching Mount Sinai, the traveller meets with granite formations, and here the vallies are supplied with water, and the one was pointed out to him in which the Israelites were supposed to have encamped for a considerable time. The Convent on Mount Sinai is a large building more resembling a fortress than any thing else, and is supplied with guns.—The entrance to it is forty feet above the ground, and the ascent is accomplished by a rope being let down, to which a basket is suspended, in which the person seats himself, and is drawn up. It was built by the Empress Helena.

Mr. C. remained there ten days. The monks employ themselves in long prayers, &c. and the cultivation of a magnificent garden. They stated to him that Mahomet once acted as a servant to the monks of this Convent, and that by his express command they are still exempt from taxation. The Turks and Arabs hold Mount Sinai in equal reverence. The view from its summit is splendid, although it overlooks a barren country; the Red Sea is within the scope of vision, and the lesser mountains round about.

The rock that was smitten by Moses to obtain water was shown to him, but this is undoubtedly an imposition, as is discernible by the crevices of the rock, in which the water is said to have run down, bearing evident marks of the chisel Another rock, at considerable distance from this, was once said to have been the one upon which the miracle was performed; but, being situated at an inconvenient distance from the high road, travellers were found to be unwilling to visit it, and it was consequently abandoned.

From Mount Sinai to Palestine, Mr. C. did not pursue the route traversed by the Israelites, but took the nearest and most direct one, across the desert of Sin to Gaza. This desert is extremely barren, and abounds in sand and sand-stone, and on the whole route there are but two wells.

The extent of Palestine is about 160 miles in length, and 50 or 60 in width. There is no correct map of this interesting country extant. The territory bears strong evidences of ancient cultivation; the wild olive, fig-tree and vine are still growing; there are, however, but few palm-trees—none near Jericho—and very few balsam trees to be found in the whole country. The palm-tree wine is the only intoxicating drink used by the inhabitants, and this but sparingly; it is not pleasant to the taste, and some suppose that even this is prohibited by the Koran. It is obtained by ascending a tree in the spring of the year, and cutting off the top at a proper distance from the ground, and hollowing the trunk like the interior of a bowl: the sap flows up into this cavity, and is taken out, morning and evening, during the summer, and in the autumn the tree always dies.

The form and extent of the Dead Sea are not correctly known; its waters are bitter, but soft and extremely buoyant; a bank of sand and salt forms the southern extremity. The ancient sites of Sodom and Gomorrah are not within its bounds, nor were they destroyed by it, but by fire from heaven. The sea of Tiberias is 35 miles long, by 8 or 10 in width; it is the source of the river Jordan. The water of this river is pure and good till it approaches the Dead Sea, when it becomes bitter. Its banks are fertile but uncultivated, the wild flowers grow most luxuriantly, and are often found eight or ten feet high. There are but six or seven of the cedars of Lebanon now remaining, some of which measure from 20 to 36 feet in circumference. Mr. C. showed to the audience a cone gathered from one of them, and stated that he had now growing about twenty young trees produced from this cone.

The whole Lecture was extremely interesting, and was listened to with great attention and apparent pleasure by a large audience. Mr. C. will deliver his third and last Lecture on Friday evening next, descriptive of Palestine, embracing notices of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mount Lebanon and Gilead, &c. &c. He announced that he should then appear in his Turkish costume.

PICKWICKIANA.

From the London Athenæum.

The No. of the Pickwick Papers which last issued from the press is so amusing that we have the pleasure to offer our entertaining contemporary, Mr. Boz, another token of our satisfaction and good-will.

A fellow frightened at a ghost is pithily described.

"'I can't make this out,' said he, when he came home from the play one night, and was drinking a glass of cold grog, with his back to the wall, in order that he might not be able to fancy there was any one behind him."

This person had been "obliged to take some mouldering affixtures that were on the place, and, among the rest, was a great lumbering wooden press for papers with large glass doors, and a green curtain inside; a pretty useless thing for him for he had no papers to put in it; and, as to his clothes, he carried them about with him, and that wasn't very hard work, either. Well, he had moved in all his furniture—it wasn't quite a truckfull—and sprinkled it about the room, so as to make the four chairs look as much like a dozen as possible, and was sitting down before the fire at night, drinking the first glass of two gallons of whiskey he had ordered on credit, wondering whether it would ever be paid for, and if so, in how many years' time, when his eyes encountered the glass doors of the wooden press."

And his dialogue with the said press-apparition is quite original.

"'If you insist upon making your appearance here,' said the tenant, who had had time to collect his presence of mind during this prosy statement of the ghost's—'I shall give up possession with the greatest pleasure; but I should like to ask you one question, if you will allow me.' 'Say on,' said the apparition, sternly. 'Well,' said the tenant, 'I don't apply the observation personally to you, because it is equally applicable to all the ghosts I ever heard of; but it does appear to me somewhat inconsistent, that when you have an opportunity of visiting the fairest spots on earth—for I suppose space is nothing to you—you should always return exactly to the very places where you have been most miserable.' 'Egad, that's very true; I never thought of that before,' said the ghost. 'You see, sir,' pursued the tenant, 'this is a very uncomfortable room.—From the appearance of that press, I should be disposed to say that it is not wholly free from bugs; and I really think you might find much more comfortable quarters; to say nothing of the climate of London, which is extremely disagreeable.' 'You are very right, sir,' said the ghost, politely, 'it never struck me till now; I'll try change of air directly'—and, in fact, he began to vanish as he spoke; his legs, indeed, had quite disappeared. 'And if, sir,' said the tenant, calling after him, 'if you would have the goodness to suggest to the other ladies and gentlemen who are now engaged in haunting old empty houses, that they might be much more comfortable elsewhere, you will confer a very great benefit on society.' 'I will,' replied the ghost; 'we must be dull fellows—very dull fellows indeed; I can't imagine how we can have been so stupid.' With these words the spirit disappeared; and, what is rather remarkable, added the old man, with a shrewd look round the table, 'he never came back again.'"

But we must add a little of our favourite character, Sam Weller; he is going along Whitechapel.

"'Not a werry nice neighbourhood this, sir,' said Sam, with the touch of the hat which always preceded his entering into conversation with his master. 'It is not indeed, Sam,' replied Mr. Pickwick, surveying the crowded and filthy street through which they were passing. 'It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir,' said Sam, 'that poverty and oysters always seem to go together.' 'I don't understand you, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'What I mean, sir,' said Sam, 'is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster-stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's very poor, he pushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in regular desperation!' 'To be sure he does,' said Mr. Weller, senior, 'and it's just the same vith pickled salmon!' 'These are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'The very first place we stop at, I'll make a note of them.' By this time they had reached the turnpike at Mile End; a profound silence prevailed, until they had got two or three miles further on, when Mr. Weller, senior, turning suddenly to Mr. Pickwick, said—'Wery queer life is a pike-keeper's, sir.' 'A what?' said Mr. Pickwick. 'A pike-keeper.' 'What do you mean by a pike-keeper?' inquired Mr. Peter Magnus. 'The old 'un means a turnpike-keeper, gen'lm'n,' observed Mr. Weller, in explanation. 'Oh,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'I see. Yes; very curious life. Very uncomfortable.' 'They're all on 'em, men as has met vith some disappointment in life,' said Mr. Weller, senior. 'Ay, ay?' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Yes. Consequence of vich, they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in pikes; partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to revenge themselves on mankind, by takin' tolls.' 'Dear me,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'I never knew that before.' 'Fact sir,' said Mr. Weller, 'if they was gen'lm'n you'd call 'em misanthropes, but as it is they only takes to pike-keepin'.'"

We conclude with a conversation between the Wellers, (at Ipswich), which is in Mr. Dickens' best manner.

"In a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard, betimes in the morning which was ushered in by Mr. Pickwick's adventure with the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers, sat Mr. Weller, senior, preparing himself for his journey to London. He was sitting in an excellent attitude for having his portrait taken; and here it is. It is very possible that at some early period of his career, Mr. Weller's profile might have presented a bold and determined outline. His face, however, had expanded under the influence of good living, and a disposition remarkable for resignation; and its bold fleshy curves had so far extended beyond the limits originally assigned them, that, unless you took a full view of his countenance in front, it was difficult to distinguish more than the extreme tip of a very rubicund nose. His chin, from the same cause, had acquired the grave and imposing form which is generally described by affixing the word 'double' to that expressive feature, and his complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colours which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef.—Round his neck he wore a crimson travelling shawl, which merged into his chin by such imperceptible gradations that it was difficult to distinguish the folds of the one from the folds of the other. Over this, he mounted a long waistcoat of a broad pink-striped pattern, and over that again, a wide skirted green coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, whereof the two which garnished the waist were so far apart, that no man had ever beheld them both at the same time. His hair, which was short, sleek, and black, was just visible beneath the capacious brim of a low-crowned brown hat. His legs were incased in knee-cord breeches, and painted top-boots; and a copper watch-chain, terminating in one seal and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waistband. We have said that Mr. Weller was engaged in preparing for his journey to London—he was taking sustenance, in fact. On the table before him stood a pot of ale, a cold round of beef, and a very respectable looking loaf, to each of which he distributed his favours in turn, with the most rigid impartiality. He had just cut a mighty slice from the latter, when the footsteps of somebody entering the room, caused him to raise his head; and he beheld his son. 'Mornin', Sammy,' said the father. The son walked up to the pot of ale, and, nodding significantly to the parent, took a long draught by way of reply. 'Wery good power o' suction, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller the elder, looking into the pot, when his first-born had set it down half empty. 'You'd ha' made an uncommon fine oyster Sammy, if you'd been born in that station o' life.' 'Yes, dessay I should ha' managed to pick up a respectable livin,' replied Sam, applying himself to the cold beef with considerable vigor. 'I'm very sorry, Sammy, said the elder Mr. Weller, shaking up the ale, by describing small circles with the pot, preparatory to drinking: 'I'm werry sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips, as you let yourself be gammoned by that 'ere mulberry man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the names of Weller and gammon could never come into contact, Sammy—never.' 'Always excepting the case of a widder, of course,' said Sam. 'Widders, Sammy,' replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing color,—'widders are 'ceptions to every rule. I have heerd how many ord'nary women, one widder's equal to, in point o' comin' over you. I think it's five-and-twenty, but I don't rightly know whether it an't more.' 'Well, that's pretty well,' said Sam. 'Besides,' continued Mr. Weller, not noticing the interruption, 'that's a very different thing. You know what the counsel said, Sammy, as defended the gen'lm'n as beat his wife with the pok—vensever he got jolly. 'And arter all, my Lord,' says he, it's a amiable weakness.' 'So I say respectin' widders, Sammy, and so you'll say, ven you gets as old as I am.'

'I ought to ha' know'd better, I know,' said Sam. 'Ought to ha' know'd better!' repeated Mr. Weller, striking the table with his fist—'ought to ha' know'd better! why, I know a young 'un as hasn't had half nor quarter your eddication—as hasn't slept about the markets, no, not six months—who'd ha' scorned to be let in in such a way; scorned it, Sammy!' In the excitement of feeling produced by this agonizing reflection, Mr. Weller rang the bell, and ordered an additional pint of ale. 'Well it's no use talking about it now,' said Sam; it's over and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cuts the wrong man's head off. It's my innings now, gov'rnor, and as soon as I catches hold o' this here 'Trotter, I'll have a good 'un.' 'I hope you will, Sammy—I hope you will,' returned Mr Weller. 'Here's your health, Sammy, and may you speedily vipe off the disgrace as you've inflicted on the family name.' In honour of this toast Mr. Weller imbibed at a draught at least two-thirds of the newly arrived pint, and handed it over to his son, to dispose of the remainder, which he instantaneously did. 'And now, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller, consulting the large double-cased silver watch that hung at the end of the copper-chain,—'now it's time I was up at the office to get my say-bill, and see the coach loaded; for coaches, Sammy, is like guns—they requires to be loaded with werry great care afore they go off.' At this parental and professional joke, Mr. Weller, junior, smiled a filial smile. His revered parent continued, in a solemn tone, 'I'm a-goin' to leave you, Samivel my boy, and there's no telling ven I shall see you again. Your mother-in-law may ha' been too much for me, or a thousand things may have happened by the next time you hears any news of the celebrated Mr. Veller o' the Bell Savage. The family name depends werry much upon you, Samivel, and I hope you'll do wot's right by it. Upon all little pints o' breedin', I know I may trust you as vell as if it was my own self. So I've only this here little bit of advice to give you, if you go a-marryin' any body—no matter who—just you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off hand. Hanging's wulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. 'Pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards.' With these affecting words, Mr. Weller looked steadfastly on his son, and, turning slowly upon his heel, disappeared from his sight."

THE PROFESSOR'S DREAM.*

"Millions of years the world has been a-making;
Millions of years, as Tom Hill says—'Pooh! millions!'
All other theories are but a take-in;
I challenge all the most profound civilians,
And every theologian in the nation.
As to Moses,
No one supposes
Aught in disparagement of such a pen as his,
But only as regards the Book of Genesis,
We want a new translation!"
The sage Professor said;
Then went to bed—
And, quite fatigued with having made so great a
Discovery, three several strata—
Sheet, blanket, counterpane—pull'd o'er his head:
And thus envelop'd from the crown to toes,
His nose
Soon gave sonorous symptoms of a dose.
Heavy his respiration was and thick;
He had begun to lose
His senses in a snooze
When from beneath the bed up jump'd *Old Nick!*
"Hilloh!" quoth Satan—"Doctor, how d'ye do?"
Roused by the diabolic "hilloh,"
The *Sawa* grumbled from his pillow,
In phrase, of late endemic—"Who are you?"
"Come, come," said Lucifer,
Looking a little blue-ly,
"Upon my life I never flew so far,
And found a gentleman take things so coolly,
Howe'er bemused by drunkenness or revel,
What am I? quoth a;
By my troth, a
Pretty question!—Why sir, I'm the Devil:
And, let me hint you're in a tightish hobble,
For here I come to ramp and roar,
Seeking whom I can devour!
If you want proofs,
Look at my hoofs,
My horns and tail—I'll have a glorious gobble!
Who am I? Come, that's good—I rather guess, sir,
You never saw me munching a Professor!"
The Devil showed his teeth with fiendish glee!
"Munch," quoth the grave geologician, "munch?"
Half rous'd by breath so redolent of lunch.
"Munch! pooh! pooh! Nicholas,
Don't be ridiculous!
You know you *can't* eat me."
Then darting forth a glance as if to scan him all—
"Tail, horns, and hoofs!
Are these your proofs?
Why you're a ruminating, graminivorous animal!
Whom to devour?
It is not in your power,
Excuse my saying, Nick, your education
Has been neglected, as may well be seen—
Whom to devour. *What* to devour, you mean—
We'll mend your grammar in my *new translation*."

[Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

*See the theories of Rev. Dr. Buckland, the Geologist, in reference to the creation, or rather formation, of the world.

From the London Forget-Me-Not.

THE SORCERESS.

A TALE OF MODERN ITALY.

The picture-gallery of the Duke of Modena is well known as one of the finest beyond the Alps. But in the private apartments of the palace are some performances, which, whether to escape the eye of French pillage, or from the somewhat jealous spirit of Italian connoisseurship, are kept almost sacredly from the public eye. Circumstances gave me some opportunities of penetrating those Bluebeard chambers, and I was rewarded better than the heroine of the tale, by the discovery of some of the most exquisite works of the native pencil. But among them was one which had a higher interest than its mere beauty of execution. The view of this picture lay under an ultra prohibition, for it was enclosed in a solid bronze case, for which the key was to be sought through as long a file of court guardians, as if it had contained the jewels of the crown.

Italy is, like the Apostle's characters of the Athenians, to speak in the gentlest terms, 'too superstitious;' and the name which the picture has somehow or other obtained among the people, may account for the extreme reluctance with which it is shown. The 'Sorceress" is a formidable appellation in any land of the Continent. But in Italy, it involves fears and horrors, of which it would be equally dangerous to tempt the revival, or ridicule the folly. The original of the picture was unquestionably an extraordinary personage; and it would be an herculean task to divest the multitude, or perhaps many of their superiors, even to this hour, of the impression that the fame and final success of this personage were connected with aids from sources, whose name startles human nature.—The picture, however, may yet be shown to strangers by the operation of that spell which acted in my own instance—that magic, at least as powerful as any that ever obeyed the calls of modern necromancy—that little glittering talisman, which, emerging from the Englishman's pocket, no sooner touches the foreigner's hand, than he feels an instant impossibility of keeping any secret whatever; and, even before 'open, Sessame!' can be pronounced, expands the inmost recesses of his household and his soul.

The picture is certainly a very noble one. Italy scarcely supplies a more striking example of that power of portraiture which once made the Italian school pre-eminent in this admirable province of the art. The countenance lives. The character lives in the countenance. Without the slightest labor for effect, without contortion, without study of action, feature, or attitude; in short, without that profound and perilous determination to enrapture, which makes all French portraits the fac-simile of some figurante of the opera, or solemn hero of the *Français;* or that heavy homeliness which makes the majority of English as tranquil as so many plaster casts; a woman is before us, as we might have seen her in the pride of genius and beauty—with a slight touch of the austere, or perhaps rather the bold—but still the magnificent Italian, such as the land sometimes send forth, to vindicate her fame for female loveliness, among the thousands and ten thousands of those harsh, stunted, abrupt, and burnt-up physiognomies with which Italy abounds, perhaps more than any other region of the earth—her neighbor, Africa, scarcely excepted.

For some days after I had seen this *chef-d'œuvre*, I was full of the topic, which happened to be a harmless one, as it was wholly among my own countrymen. But to obtain anything like elucidation on the subject, I soon found hopeless. Few had heard of it; fewer, of course, had seen it; and none, whatever their curiosity, could extract anything from the old Cicerone of the palace, but that the whole affair was a prodigious secret—a matter of state, on which a whisper or a shrug might put all parties in the hands of the police. Unhappy news for him and all other Ciceroni, if a shrug could endanger his liberty, for it is the only employment of their shoulders through life! But let no man despair who loves state secrets in Italy. There is always to be found, even in the very crashing of those jaws with which the Austrian wolf or the Russian bear masticates the infant speculations of the imaginative of Europe, some panting champion of colloquial confidence, some depository of the facts of the prison-house, some gay or grave interpreter of those hieroglyphics which are written on the tombs of the dead, or the dungeons of fettered cabinets; who is only longing to be disburthened of this tale, and who, over a cup of coffee, or a glass of Maraschino, divulges histories, which, dropped into any ears but English, would consign the voluble communicant to touch his guitar in the cells of Laybach for life, or carry his hod and pick-axe in the fortifications of Odessa, until they are required to inhume his own luckless mortality.

One evening, at a large party, in which an Italian marchioness, foolish enough to emulate the most foolish of all our customs, crowded about a thousand well-dressed and unfortunate people into apartments, large and handsome, it is true, but still, on a hot Italian evening, giving the strongest conceivable resemblance of the Black Hole at Calcutta; half carbonized with the heat, tired to death with abortive attempts to find or make conversation; for which a conversazione is of all earthly contrivances the most incapable; and, if I must stoop to humbler matters—half-starved, for at foreign *soirees* all the food is so strictly intellectual, that a biscuit and a glass of lemonade is a piece of profusion, and even the 'cup of cold water' rises into the rank of genuine hospitality—I had worked my way out of the vortex of Counts and Countesses, with and without moustaches, into the only quiet corner of the huge hotel, a little dismantled room, from which I could just see the garden and partially catch the breeze. But I was not the only candidate for solitude. I found already planted there an old officer of the court, who, after having paid his obeisances to the marchesa in the shape of being half-suffocated, had fled for breath to the little cool chamber; and was now hanging out of the casement to seize on all the vitality that was to be extracted from the last lingering air of a sultry twilight. On the table lay a volume of drawings, sketched with considerable force; but what struck me peculiarly in them was, that they had the portrait of the 'Sorceress' prominent in all their groupes, and were evidently constructed with some reference to her history. The old officer and I gradually fell into communication; and one of my inquiries was, whether the drawings were imaginary or authentic. I found my companion a man of taste and of the world; he had seen a good deal of that perilous service to which Napoleon compelled the Italian chivalry. Half-a-dozen orders and as many wounds reminded him and the world that he had done and suffered at Jena, Austerlitz, and Moscow. Returning in command of a division, satisfied with marches and massacres, a little stricken in years, and perfectly saturated with the glory of feathers and aiguillettes, the general had hung up his banner in his native state, and now enjoyed one of those quiet dependencies on the sovereign, which in the continental courts give the dignity of office without the trouble of responsibility.

I had pounced upon the right man at last. "These drawings," said he, "the thousand deficiencies of which you have the kindness to overlook, are mine. They were the work of the winter when I returned frost-nipt from the Russian campaign. During six months of rheumatism and all other tortures, I amused myself with making a few sketches founded on all that I could learn of the mystery of the portrait. The mystery, I still call it, for the chief circumstances of the transaction were wrapt in silence, partly from the reigning family's reluctance to have the matter talked of; partly from the wish of the principal herself that her elevation in society should not be attributed to means hazardous to her fame among the people; and partly from the public disturbances of a time in which the fate of Europe was in the balance, and in every country the great were beginning to dread the inroads of the multitude."

The drawings were each illustrative of some peculiar period of the story of this singular personage. And as the general took them up successively, he explained their purport, sometimes by simple reference to the events, sometimes by giving in it that species of half-dramatic character and improvised dialogue which is an instinctive Italian talent, and which is at once so graphic and so novel to strangers.

The first sketch was a fine broad representation of the principal church of Modena. An altar decorated for high mass stood in the centre. The scene wound away in ranges of clustered pillars, behind one of which a figure was half seen, muffled in a cloak. The porch of the cathedral was filled with the mitred and robed clergy, receiving the Duke.

"This was the crisis of the prince and his people," said my interpreter. "He had received undoubted information that Illuminatism, then prevalent in Germany, and revolutionary wherever it prevailed, was favored by a powerful party in the Duchy. His was a gallant, intelligent, and honorable mind, and it is the serious fault of such minds oftener to despise obscure danger than to guard against it. He had, too, an additional obstacle, in his being somewhat of an Illuminé himself. Ardent, certainly, in most things, remarkably fond of the secrets of science, and perhaps, too, visionary in the pursuit of its imaginations, his was not the temper for times that dealt so much in the realities of rebellion. I knew him intimately, and once ventured to hint that, if he had lived in the age of the alchymists, he would have spent his days and nights in hunting for the philosopher's stone. 'And what nobler employment of days and nights could there be?' was his answer; 'what higher honor than that of mastering the powers of nature, to become the wonder of the living generation, and the benefactor of all that are to follow?' I was, of course, silent thenceforth. But the mystery, which in the hands of Schoefer, and perhaps even of Weishaupt, was a harmless juggle, became a different and rather darker business when it fell into the hands of our Italian propagandists. Our national vanity perpetually reminds us that, as we tread the soil of empire, we are the natural inheritors of the universal sceptre. Our national ignorance forgets that we are northern barbarians."

Against this sweeping sentence I protested, and pronounced a sort of palliative, from the known character of Italian genius. But the general had made up his mind.

"You speak with the generosity of your great country," said he. "But rely upon it, that the true test of national

greatness is the facility of winning and wearing freedom. Let truth be told in all things. Tartar robbers, Greek runaways, Norman savages, a mixture of all strange populations—filtered through some slight strainers of traditional taste, a lovely climate, and the influence of classic memorials in every hill, valley, city, and shore—those were our parentage, and we keep the likeness in every feature, soul, and body, at this moment. But to the portfolio."

He pointed out the figure of the assassin. "There," said he, "was one of our political regenerators. On this day, he had been placed in the church for the express purpose of murder. The Prince had just reached his seat, within a few feet of the assassin, when a form, dressed as a Dominican friar, passed him hastily, muttering some words, of which he could distinguish nothing in the general hum of the crowd but 'Beware!' This warning was not enough to retard a man of courage from sitting down when he was tired. The Prince advanced to his seat, and remained there during the ceremony. At its close, a sudden tumult behind him was followed by a mortal cry, and the Count Santa Valle, one of the officers of his staff, fell dying at his feet. Of course the tumult was prodigious. Conjectures were as numerous as they were idle; until the Count recovered his speech sufficiently to say that, in the act of throwing himself forward to save the Prince from a dagger which he saw drawn against him, he had received the deadly blow. Of the giver of the blow he could tell nothing, but from the fragment of a Dominican's cowl, which he tore off as he fell. The wound was truly described: it was deadly. The Count expired that night. Large rewards were offered for the discovery of the murderer. All the Dominican convents were searched, through a circuit of miles, and all in vain; the only approach to discovery was made about ten days afterwards, when a dagger, wrapped in a paper, was thrown into the balcony of the Duke's bed-chamber. The paper contained these words: 'You seek for the hand that put Santa Valle to death. You seek in the Dominican convents. Seek in your own palace! He died justly. He died by this hand, and by this dagger.' The letter and the dagger were alike inscribed, 'Carmolini'"

The next subject was a beautiful sketch of the palace gardens. They were prepared for a magnificent fete. Orchestras with colored lights, and the profuse ornaments of the Italian pageants, were seen planted at various distances through the arbors. Fire-works were throwing rainbow lights on the flower-beds, the statues, and the fountains. In the remoter view, the palace was in its full pomp, brilliantly illuminated, and exhibiting, in the rich perspective of its marble and gilded saloons, a crowd of the native nobles, promenading, banqueting, and dancing. Two leading figures near the eye, were a female and a gallant masquer, in the dress of a minstrel: his lute evidently just dropped on the ground, and his hand pointing to a pair of prancing horses in the shade of the grove. His gesture was one of the most ardent entreaty, and the expression of his countenance, from which the mask had fallen off, that of the most glowing passion. The lady's glance at the palace was much more that of fear of being followed, than of reluctance to fly; and it might be easily conjectured that the gentle violence of the lover was fully seconded by the inclinations of the fair one.

"This," said the general, "depicts one of the most singular circumstances of the Prince's history, and one of which I happened to be an eye-witness. The marriages of sovereigns are, as we all know, seldom matters of the heart. The politics of the Duchy had long pointed to an alliance with the house of Savoy. Amadeus was powerful, rich, and held the keys of the Alps in his hand. The Modenese, exposed on one side to Austria, and on the other to France, required a native protector. The negotiation began, was speedily brought to a conclusion, and the Princess, a showy, but stern-looking figure, was received with due honors by the Court. Still all was not well. While the preparations were making for the nuptials, rumors were heard that neither party much cared if the other had gone on a voyage to the antipodes. It was even said, that the Duke had some uneasy recollections of a former flame, and that the Princess had made a still more distinct discovery of the state of her feelings, since her arrival. But matters of this kind must not be suffered to disturb marriages of state, and the preparatives were only urged on the faster. The bridal day at length came. All was pomp and gaiety. I was then a page in the Ducal service. Proud of my first aiguillettes and sword, I was just in the frame to look upon all the world with delight. Yet, even at the magnificent table to which the Prince led his future bride, I could see that all was not rapture. The open countenance of the Duke was clouded; the handsome, yet rather Juno-like features of the Princess were almost cold. But those are no miracles within palace walls. All went on undisturbed, and the marriage was to be solemnized by the Papal nuncio at night. It was preceded by a masked ball. All the noble birth of the Duchy, with many of the Piedmontese visiters, made it brilliant.

"After dancing till I was weary even of the brilliancy, I strolled into the garden, as now, to breathe a little longer. There, lounging on one of the seats, and half sinking into sleep from the drowsy sweetness of every thing around me, I heard a voice of such remarkable elegance, accompanied by some instrument touched with equal taste, that I at first conceived it to be one of those fairy performances which haunt dreams. But a rustling through the branches behind me soon proved that I was still in the waking world; and I heard, what was to me, in those days, a novelty, a regular declaration of love. Doubtful whether I ought to listen, I left the spot, and soon after saw, rushing from the shade, a female, evidently in great disturbance, and as evidently glittering with jewels, though wrapped in a large cloak; she was followed by the minstrel, who, whether her perturbation were fear or love, contrived, after some further entreaty, to lead her where the horses stood, to induce her to mount one, and then to fly at full speed, over hill and dale, in the old romantic style. It was not within my province to interfere, and, even if it had, all passed so rapidly, and I was in such a mood of fancy, that I half regarded it as only a more pleasing scene of a drama. I was soon roused to a more active use of my senses by the general tumult, which rolled on me from the palace. The Princess was no where to be found. She had retired from the dance to change her dress for the ceremony. From that moment no eye had seen her, unless it were mine. She had vanished. But by what means, through the doors of a palace, crowded with attendants, guests, and guards, baffled all conjecture.

"Within a week this wonder became more wonderful by a despatch from the Court of Savoy, announcing that the Princess had arrived, and to this intelligence adding the implacable indignation of the Court of Turin. The perplexity of the whole affair was certainly beyond mortal brains to fathom. The only fact of which there could be no doubt was, that the Princess had decamped with a lover, and that the Duke had lost a bride. The Turinese version of the story was, that the Duke, bent upon breaking off the negotiation, had actually involved the Princess in an *affaire* of which, harmless as it was, he had taken advantage to drive her away. The Modenese version was, that the Princess, having had a lover before she set foot in Modena, and determining to elope with him to some remote corner of the Continent, had assented to the match, merely with the idea of gaining her object and eloping with impunity. Decision, among those conflicting authorities, was impossible. The sentimental complained, the politicians predicted a war, the people laughed, and the Duke sat in full council three days, and despatched letters to all the courts of Italy, exculpating his conduct. At the end of another week, all was more perplexed still. A letter was thrown into the Duke's chamber, as the dagger had been, to the following purport:—'The Princess of Savoy has found a lover and not a lover, has fled with a husband and not a husband, is a wife and not a wife. She will never return to Modena: signed by me, Carmolini.'

"Nothing could exceed the Prince's surprise but his indignation. The next intelligence that came from Turin was, that the Princess had retired into a convent. This put an end to the threat of hostilities. But who was the lover who had lured an ambitious woman from a throne and rivalled a Duke? Carmolini. And who, in all the names of wonder, was Carmolini?"

The third sketch was a Casino, showily fitted up, and yet with the look of a place which had been suddenly adapted for concealment. The gilded door was shut with a large iron bar. The silken curtain of the central window showed behind its crimson draperies a rude shutter, which seemed to have been placed, on the spur of the moment, to exclude all external eyes. On a table of the most superb mosaic a solitary lamp was burning, while four or five glittering candelabra stood lightless in various corners of the apartment. The figures which tenanted the singular place were equally characteristic. They were evidently Italians, and of the highest ranks of Italy; yet they were wrapped in rough cloaks, more suited for mariners or banditti; large hats were slouched over their foreheads; and on the table lay, mingled with papers, two or three pistols and daggers, as if prepared either for combat or against a surprise. They were rising in evident alarm, and all eyes were anxiously turned on a figure fantastically equipped, which was advancing from the door of a recess in the remoter part of the room; where a strong gleam of the moon within showed that it was night.

"The scene," said the general, "is partly true, and partly fanciful. The Casino exists, and I have sketched the room from reality: the group existed too. But I must acknowledge, that I was not admitted to the honors of a sitting. This was a memorable night, for on it depended the fate of Modena. If those men had succeeded in their object, rapine and republicanism, and they are seldom far asunder, would have been masters of the state. A conspiracy of discontented nobles had long been formed in connexion with France. They were all Illuminés, and had adopted the extraordinary notions of the German impostors on all matters of politics and religion; in fact, the pistol and the dagger were to settle the difficulty on all subjects, and Modena was to be the perfection of that theory, in which every virtue under heaven is to be obtained by a comprehensive cutting of throats and purses. Several of the officers of the palace who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the people had been led to join their party. But the death of Count Santa Valle had awoke them to a particular sense of their peril. But he had been deep in their designs. His intimate connexion with the Prince gave them access to all the private movements of the palace, and on the very day in which he fell, he was to have led them to the Duke's apartment, and put his life into their hands. His unaccountable death checked the conspiracy for the time. But his possession of some of their principal papers, on the other hand, again urged them to anticipate seizure by striking the blow. Execution was to be done on the evening of the Prince's bridal. The Duke was to be seized and put to death without noise; the Princess, to prevent the hostility of the Court of Turin, was to be placed on the throne; while a council of state, formed by the conspirators, was to hold the actual government.

"The plan was capitally conceived, and nothing was wanting but the performance. As the night advanced, the whole party were in arms, in the various characters of the masquerade. The Prince was closely watched, and in five minutes more he would have been either thrown into one of the wells of the gardens, where no one would have dreamed of looking for him, or spirited away to the coast, and there sent to finish his career where no eye could follow. Suicide, lunacy, or any other pretext, would account for his disappearance, where contradiction was out of the question. And, in the mean time, the possession of power would quickly make men scrupulous of being sceptical upon the subject.

"That plan, too, failed. The sudden flight of the Princess, the instant breaking up of the masquerade, and, still more, the appearance of the Duke at the head of the palace-guard, setting off to scour the country for the fugitives, put a summary end to the project for the hour.

"On this night it was to be renewed. Despatches from the various affiliated provinces of the peninsula had been received, reproaching the Modenese with tardiness, and insisting that they should instantly proceed to action. Measures had been diligently taken to ensure success. The palace was again to be the first object. A thousand banditti, disguised as peasants, were to be at the gates of the city by midnight. The guard were to be attacked, and, when all resistance in the city was at an end, the palace was to be entered, set on fire, and the new constitution of Italian liberty and eternal republics proclaimed.

"The tolling of the bell at midnight from the monastery of the Santa Cruce was to be the signal. All promised success. The conspirators had assembled in force. An officer of the palace had just reported that the Duke was about to retire to rest; that the guards had been set for the night; and that, from the particular care used in selecting them, all were sworn friends of the cause. The only point still incomplete was the arrival of the banditti, whose delay had begun to make some of the boldest hearts of the party palpitate rather anxiously. It was at length resolved to send one of the leaders, Count Salvandi, to expedite this essential movement.

"The Count, however, had scarcely reached the door, when, from the recess, which had probably been unknown to them all, the captain of the banditti abruptly made his appearance. He wore the dress of a Sclavonian gipsy, and seemed advanced in life, and singularly repulsive in his aspect. The whole assembly rose in surprise, and swords and daggers were laid hold of. But the gipsy advanced fearlessly toward them, and glancing at their preparations, asked them, with a contemptuous laugh, 'of what they were afraid.' The words and the tone were equally new to the haughty nobles, and the word 'Afraid!' was repeated on all sides in the most varied sounds of scorn.

"But the Zingaro was not to be thus baffled of his rough jest. 'Afraid!' said he, 'yes, and afraid of me! Ha, ha! gallant conspirators you are! fine uprooters of governments! showy rebels, if you tremble before a single Zingaro!'

"The general indignation now grew so strong that pistols were cocked, and many a brace of balls was ready to be sent through his brains, to teach manners to this fierce ally. But the Count Salvandi pointed out, in a few rapid words, the hazard to the cause, in the extinction of one of its essential aids; and the pistols were restored to the folds of the cloaks from which they came.

"The bandit looked on at this operation, with folded arms and a glance of the most arrogant defiance from under a pair of barbaric brows. When all was quiet, he burst out once more into a loud laugh. 'Ha, ha! cavaliers,' he exclaimed, 'waste none of your powder on me; you will soon have enough to do with it, fighting for your own lives, or saving yourselves from the scaffold by adding lead to lead in your skulls already.'

"All gazed on the speaker with astonishment. His insolence was so utterly unexpected and inconceivable, that for the time the whole circle seemed paralyzed.

"At this moment, the bell of Santa Cruce began to toll midnight, and the signal recalled the angry assembly to a sense of their situation. 'Cavaliers,' said Salvandi, 'the captain has a hasty tongue; but we must make allowance for friends. Matters may have chafed him on his way. The grand question to-night is, how we are to compass the public liberty. We may talk of etiquette to-morrow.'

"'To-morrow!' murmured the bandit, in a voice that sounded like a voice from the sepulchre.

"'Ay, to-morrow,' added Salvandi, appearing determined to disregard all interruption; 'but now the time is short.'

"'Ay, the time *is* short!' murmured the bandit, with the same hollowness of tone.

"'And therefore, gentlemen,' pursued the anxious Count, 'our first inquiry is, how many men the captain brings with him.'

"'A thousand,' quickly exclaimed the Zingaro; 'are they not the number? Enough to carry a Duke to his grave—or a roomfull of traitors to the scaffold!'

"The indignation now grew boundless. Cries of 'Treason! seize him! down with him!' rose on all sides. The Zingaro stood with his arms folded, his hat stricken down deeper on his brow, and his whole attitude expressing secure defiance.

"'Traitor!' he at length said. 'Fools, have you had the sense to ask me for any proof that I was not the thing you call me? Here! and, if your eyes are not blinded by terror, see my credentials!'

"He took a succession of papers from his bosom, and threw them one by one on the floor. 'Here is the Count Salvandi's own letter to the committee of Pavia: here is the answer. Here is the compact signed by the Secret Council of Florence. Here is the despatch of the Liberatori of Parma. Here twenty others. And now that you have shown yourselves fools, I wait only till you show yourselves poltroons!'

"The circle shrank from around him as from a madman. But one, more wily than the rest, had stolen behind him with a dagger. The band was already raised, to put an end to this arrogant defier of nobility, when the Zingaro, coolly turning round, drew his hand from his cloak, and fired a pistol full in the face of the intended assassin. The ball took full effect, and he fell writhing on the ground. 'Zerobin Arcaldi,' said the Zingaro, as he gazed on his hideous contortions, 'thou diest, and diest justly! Living a villain, thou meetest a villain's end!—He is gone.'

"The Zingaro then turned to the conspirators, who all stood awed by this sudden act of vengeance. 'Cavaliers,' said he, 'I promised you a thousand men. I can bring you ten times the number. But business must be done like men of the world. What is to be my recompense? As he spoke the words, he looked round the circle, who, bold as they were, were hushed into silence. 'I repeat my question,' said the Zingaro, in a still more authoritative voice. 'Count Salvandi, I demand it of you, as the head of this desperate *treason*.' The emphatic manner in which he pronounced the last word threw even the frigid ferocity of the chief off its guard.

"'Bandit!' was the angry answer, 'you shall have your *hire*—the thousand zechins for yourself, the thousand for your followers.'

"The Zingaro's face assumed a still more contemptuous expression. 'So, Signori,' he exclaimed, 'this, then, is your justice! Two thousand zechins! about half what any one of you would throw away on the canzone of a singer; not the tenth part of your opera-dancers' establishment, nor the hundredth part of what every man of you has long since flung away at the hazard-table. *Mille Diavoli!* is this all!' He stamped his iron sandal on the ground. 'Now hear me, my fellow-conspirators! Hear me, my brethren in iniquity! This is not an affair of gold and jewels; it is an affair of men's lives. This hour settles the point, whether you shall gain all you desire, or whether you shall be in the hands of the Duke's guards, to be by them transmitted to the public executioner. And this depends on *me*: and yet to me you talk of a thousand zechins, and bargain like a beggarly merchant. Now hear me: I demand a hundred thousand—on the spot, too—you may not live to pay me to-morrow. I demand the last coin on your persons—I demand every man's credit on his banker. Make it up as you will—the money must be paid down this moment, or you must be undone.'

"Never were consternation and rage stronger in the countenances of men. They with one voice refused.—'Remember,' was the Zingaro's single answer to wrath and remonstrance alike, 'it is the price of your lives.'

"At length, Salvandi, taking some of them aside, appeased the tumult. The means by which this was accomplished transpired in a whisper: 'Pay him, and—poniard him.' The Zingaro gave no sign of its having reached his ear, but by a haughty smile and his ordering the circle instead of putting their purses into his hand, to throw them in a heap on the table. The money was then counted out; the conspirators had made unusually large preparation, from the necessities to which the night of enterprise might expose them. The sum amounted to thirty thousand zechins. The remainder was made up, after much cavilling, by orders on the bankers of Modena.

"'Now,' said Salvandi, 'captain, your part of the business begins. We must delay no longer. Our friends in the palace will be impatient.' He took out a plan of the city. 'Here,' said he, pointing to one of the avenues to the gardens, 'your men, to the number of at least a hundred and fifty, will move in all possible silence, and wait till a rocket is thrown up from the roof of the Count Fallisgini's hotel. Three hundred more will seize the grand gate of the Palace. A hundred, with faggots and torches ready for lighting, will follow at the distance of fifty yards in their rear, waiting until the palace is in complete possession, and the Duke seized and put to death. The conflagration then will——'

"'Hold,' said the Zingaro, sternly, and placing his hand upon the plan as it lay on the table. 'We must have some more words on the subject. My money was to be earned by attacking the guards at the gates. But, cavaliers, you have added to the task, and you must in conscience pay in proportion. We, who live by the sword, cannot afford to lower our terms.'

"A general cry of surprise again rose from the irritated nobles. But the firm gesture of the bandit never changed. "Fools,' said he, 'leave these matters to men who understand them. Do you think I want more of your money? Make yourselves easy on that point. But, here is a prince to be murdered, a palace set on fire, a whole city to be attacked, robbed, and butchered: in fact, a complete revolution to be effected. Now, in common honesty, do you think any man can afford to be a patriot on such beggarly terms? One hundred thousand zechins! Why, they would not pay for a month's cigars of my troop.—Silence,' said he, observing an attempt to rush upon him. 'The first man, the first ten men, who raise a sword's point against me, die by this hand! Ask the Count Zerobin, there—if he will condescend to answer such a troop of opera-dancers!'

"A universal gnashing of teeth, and darting of fiery glances round him, showed how the title stung. 'The night wears,' said Salvandi, furiously.

"'What monk have we got among us?' cried Count Patrizzio, a tall and broad-built Hercules, who evidently longed to crush the taunter.

"'A spy!' exclaimed the Marchese Morini,' the proudest noble of the State.

"'Conspirators,' said the Zingaro, 'listen to me. I may be stabbed. No man can resist numbers. But this I tell you, that if I do not return to my men within one quarter of an hour after midnight, I have given them strict orders, instead of moving on the palazzo, to surround this house, and send their daggers into the bosom of every man they find here. It wants but five minutes to to the time. So, you see, all violence would be only to prepare a sudden death for you to-night, and a gibbet for your bones to-morrow.'

"'Your terms, your terms, then?' was the general outcry. And 'May the blackest of the fiends take the hour when we had any thing to do with you!' was the half-muttered malediction of the indignant Salvandi.

"'My terms, then,' said the Zingaro, with a calmness which strongly contrasted with the feverish looks and nervous gestures of the impatient crowd, 'are these. My noble friends, of course, you cannot suppose that, after having led the way in achieving the deliverance of the country, I intend to retire into the mountains again. By no means. I mean to settle among you. Let others desert the Commonwealth. I honor liberty too much not to enjoy, like other patriots, what I get by it. But, to settle without house or lands, wife or equipage, is out of the question.' Turning to the herculean Count, who stood open-mouthed listening to him, 'You, Count Patrizzio, have a handsome sister. She must be my wife. I shall take her with double the dowry that falls to her by inheritance.' The Hercules was so astonished that he could only clench his hands, and try to utter an oath of scorn.

"'You, Marchese Morini,' said the Zingaro, turning carelessly from the thunder-struck clown, 'have the Casino della Rosa, on the top of the prettiest rising ground within view from the city. It is small for my household, but it will answer the purpose for the present. The Casino you must make over to me. But an unfurnished Casino would, of course, be worth nothing to a man of taste. You, Duca de Testa Grande,' said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of a little, stiff noble, who darted from him at the touch, as if it had been the fang of a serpent, 'you must supply that deficiency. Your picture-gallery is able to spare quite as many *chefs d'œuvre* as are necessary to line the walls of the Casino. You must give me an order on the spot to the custode of your collection. I shall not require more than fifty.'

"The Duca was, like his brethren, dumb with absolute wonder. But the Barone Jeronimo Caraffa, notorious as a successful gamester, and, as such, accustomed to scenes of bold extortion, roared with laughter, and bade the bandit ask for the Duca's famous Hungarian stud, which he had just purchased of one of the Archdukes, the Viceroy of Milan.

"'Signor Barone,' said the Zingaro, fixing a gaze of supreme scorn on him, 'one can ask nothing from a bravo but his dagger, or from a sharper but his loaded dice. I have no use for either, therefore I have demanded nothing from you.'

"The Barone's hand was instantly thrust into his pocket, where a pistol was heard cocking. The Zingoro's quick ear caught the sound. He was unmoved. 'Keep that folly for children,' said he, with a sudden spurn of the heel, which, striking the pistol, made it go off, setting the Barone's embroidered skirts on fire, and sending the ball through his foot into the floor. All this was transacted with such rapidity, that interruption could scarcely be offered. There was something, too, of a fierce humor, a lofty impudence, mingled with the scene, that, big as it was with the general fate, caught the native taste of the Italians for extravagance of all kinds.

"At length, Salvandi, laying his watch glittering with diamonds on the table, said, with a sneer, 'Signor Capitano, you have yet asked nothing from me. I suppose I must pay my share to the profession of the road, like the rest. It now wants just two minutes of the quarter. The watch is at your service.'

"'Signor,' was the cool reply, 'that watch may serve you still. It is convenient to count the hours between arrest and execution. Hush! no threatening looks for me. Cavaliers, do you severally accede to my reasonable requests?'

"The ill-suppressed wrath of all now rose into rage.—They argued, reviled, swore. Still the demand was reiterated under threat of giving up the whole plot to the Duke. At length, Salvandi, by remonstrating with them on the folly of refusing personal sacrifices, when a few hours might place them in unlimited power, partly persuaded, partly forced, them to comply. With bitter indignation they severally signed their names to the donations required by the imperious Zingaro. When all was complete, putting the papers in the breast of his robe, he said to Salvandi: 'Count, I have yet made no demand on you. But, to show you that this was not out of disrespect to the chief of this gallant band, I only require that you give me, on the spot, the list in your possession of the names of all who have joined you in this city, of your associates in the provinces, and of the arms and other munitions of war provided for the breaking out of the general insurrection.'

"Salvandi himself was now wild with fury. He sprang backward, and gazed upon the Zingaro, as the tiger glares before he falls on the victim. 'Villain! traitor! spy! who and what are you?' were the only words that he could utter. They were echoed round the room.

"'Carmolini!' was the answer. The name was well known and terrible.

"'Crush him, stab him, trample him! he must not escape alive!' were the universal yell. The Zingaro made a single step to the wall, and drew out a pistol. 'Remember,' said he, 'if Carmolini dies, he dies not unrevenged.'

"'Shoot him! poniard him!' was again the cry. The uproar grew wilder and wilder still. The whole crowd rushed on the solitary bandit. In this extremity, he gave a glance round, and fired the pistol; yet not in the face of the conspirators, but at what seemed the solid wall. At the moment, a smoke arose; a low, hissing noise was heard; the ground shook under their feet; and, with a burst of flame, the wall rent, heaved, and fell in huge fragments into the garden of the mansion. When the smoke had partially cleared away, and the conspirators could recover their senses, they saw above them the moon and the sky; but before them, a regiment of the Duke's guards drawn up, who, rushing into the room, seized and disarmed them one by one, before either escape or resistance could be attempted. All were conveyed to the dungeon. What became of the Zingaro was unknown.—Whether he fell by the point of some dagger in the tumult was blown up by the explosion, or went downwards, to that place where Italian imagination sends every thing of which it happens to disapprove, seems to have furnished an unwearied topic for the idle and ingenious of the classic peninsula."

Half a dozen sketches, chiefly incomplete, and varying in all shapes and shades of time and place, still lay between the General and myself. "These," said he, "are the records of some very curious circumstances at that troubled period. But, that we, too, may not be taken for conspirators, at least against the hospitalities of the palazzo, I shall spare you them all but this—it is the last."

The sketch exhibited a saloon fitted up in the most exquisite style of Italian luxury; busts, pictures, antiques, embroidered draperies, a superb harp; an organ, of which the fabric seemed entirely gold and ivory; guitars and lutes richly inlayed; in short, all the magic of wealth, lavishing all its powers on the equipment of this more than princely saloon. At the remoter end a broad purple curtain hung.

"What see you there?" said the General.

"The bower of Alcina," said I, "or the boudoir of a *Déesse de l'Opera?*"

"Why, I must acknowledge," was the reply, with a grave smile, "that pirouettes and coupés are sometimes paid rather high, and that many a field-marshal might envy the exchequer of a prosperous *Ballerina*. But for once you have been deceived. This was the cavern of a sibyl, the den of a modern witch of Endor; the cell of a sorceress of the eighteenth century—no solemn, scowling, subterranean hovel, as magic used to demand; but such an apartment as a Parisian soubrette living on the purse of an Italian principality need not be ashamed of. But to explain.

"The detection of the conspiracy had left all Modena in the vapors; and nothing was talked of for a month but chains, dungeons, and the galleys. Yet even the vapor will grow tiresome, and nothing was ever felt more a relief, than the announcement that 'The most wonderful of

all possible wonders, the Signora Scaramenta Escaramanti, was arrived, to take up her abode for a few hours or days in our capital, and lead all the world into all the mysteries of fortune.' The credulous and the idle, of course, flocked to her shrine at once. But, within a short time, even the sceptical began to think that there was something extraordinary in the case. Certainly the Signora was no vulgar charlatan. In the first place, instead of the squalid obscurity in which those people generally make a point of living, she appeared to court publicity, drove on the Corso in a most splendid equipage, lived in a suite of apartments such as you see in this drawing, and lavished her money, however she got it, like a Sultana."

"But what," said I, "was her science? She was, I presume, a very model of divination—the empress of cups and balls,"

"Perfectly astonishing," was the reply. "Like all dealers in the art of settling the fates, she of course, pretended to have every body's secrets at her mercy, to know every thing and every body. But she certainly had some means of knowledge extremely puzzling to those who thought themselves among the wise in court affairs. I am not, I believe, peculiarly disposed to be credulous: but I certainly heard some matters from her which I thought totally unknown to any living being but myself. So much so, that there were actually times when, on returning from her displays, I began to consider whether there might not be some secrets of nature, or even some means of intercourse with things above and beneath the world, which had escaped our philosophers."

"The question is not quite settled yet," I observed.—"But, I presume, the enchantress had the candor to take the senses first by surprise, and then bewilder the understanding. The gipsies owe half their power to a pair of black eyes."

"Not exactly," said the old man. "I was once, I suppose, as likely to be fooled by looks and lips as any idler about this land of ours. But her beauty, though I think I never saw its superior, had in it something too much of the preternatural for my taste. It was exquisite, and yet scarcely human. In its moments of softness it was that of a syren; in its sterner aspects, that of a sorceress. There was a brilliant subtlety about it at one time, and a mysterious wildness at another, that, to me, shook all the down from Cupid's wings.

"At length, the Duke himself was tempted to follow the general course, and see the wonder. I had the honor to be on his staff, and I alone attended him on the occasion. One or two appointments for the purpose had been made, but they were postponed; the Signora being indisposed, or requiring to consult her star, or any one of the hundred reasons which the sex, in all cases, are entitled to have at their mercy. But, after a week, during which all access was denied to the world, and the Signora was completely invisible, she condescended to intimate her pleasure to receive the Prince. We went, were ushered into the saloon, which you see, and there left rather longer than was consistent with etiquette, to think upon the future. But at last, music was heard; the curtain which hangs across the end of the apartment slowly rose, as in the opera; and I prepared for some showy *tour de scène*, with the fair necromancer waving a wand, and calling up her imps in caps and feathers. Quite the contrary. All was haze and confusion at first; but, when the light grew clearer, we saw through an avenue of oaks and chestnuts, a simple landscape, by the rising sun. A cottage was at a distance, and two figures came forward, one wrapped in a horseman's cloak, the other a beautiful girl, hat in hand, and evidently anxious to avoid being seen. It was equally evident that she was solicited by a lover to leave her home with him. The girl resisted, but the solicitation was ardent; and, coming forward, they both knelt on the ground, and pledged their faith to each other in the sight of heaven. The face of the female was turned towards me for a moment, and I had some idea of having seen it before; but it was so soft, so fresh, and so joyous, that I certainly could not task my recollection with having seen it in the city of Modena.

"'And what said the Duke to the phantasmagoria" was my question. 'The virtue of silence is perfectly understood among us here,' answered my cicerone; 'and his Highness exercised it remarkably on the occasion.—He did not utter a syllable. But, if countenance is any thing, he certainly did not regard it without interest.—And when that beautiful peasant came forward, with that step as light as air, and that lovely face looking like a picture of hope in the first feeling of delight, I thought he gave a start, and even a sigh.

"The scene sank into clouds, and another followed.—The sounds of an anthem preceded it. The clouds rose, and behold, the Cathedral. There were the Duke and his guards, the monks, the high mass, the whole ceremony to the life. There, too, was the Dominican, and there fell Santa Valle. That catastrophe must evidently have been transacted in the presence of the personage, perhaps by the hand, that now displayed it with such fearful accuracy. 'What think you of this?' whispered the Duke to me. 'Astonishing!' was my only answer. 'It must be looked to,' said the Prince; 'Santa Valle's murder cannot be passed over. He died in the cause of loyalty.' 'He died in the cause of treason,' was echoed in a voice that seemed to come from under our feet.—'Sorceress,' said the Prince, greatly moved, 'that must be false. But name his assassin, and you shall have a thousand crowns at the instant of his discovery.' 'Now then be it,' said the voice. Before it died away, a small table with pen and paper rose from the floor, and the Prince wrote the order on his treasurer. The table sank suddenly with it. 'Listen,' said the voice. 'Santa Valle had pledged himself to poniard his sovereign. He was the agent of conspirators. His secret was known. He was watched. At the moment when he would have done the deed, vengeance was at his side: he fell. Carmolini's was the hand, and it saved the principality. Take the proof!' A hand descended from above our heads, and dropped down a letter. It was the Count's promise to commit the assassination! 'Is this the work of human powers!' was the Prince's cry, as he perused the fatally convincing document.

"The cloud again filled the scene, and, on its passing away, a view of the palace gardens opened before us.—They were exactly as I had seen them on the night of the Prince's disappointed marriage. There, too, was repeated the curious incident which I had happened to witness, the meeting, the entreaty, and, finally, the flight of the Princess and her minstrel adventurer. The Prince looked with curiosity, but with the natural chagrin of a sovereign who has been jilted and, on his wedding-day, too. But, trying to put the best face on the matter, he said, half-laughingly, 'Well, Sibyl, since I see you deal in love affairs, do me the honor to say who it was that supplanted me!' A light voice replied 'Carmolini.' 'What!' said the Prince, 'is that knave every where? Yet he must have succeeded by treachery.' The voice was heard again, but it had lost its lightness. 'No: he succeeded, to prevent treachery. A false lord was saved from an inconstant bride. A Prince was rescued from a sense of injustice that would have embittered a throne.'—The true chord was evidently struck. I was still ignorant of the cause, but the effect was clear. The Prince asked no more questions of the Sibyl.

"I was now prepared for any thing," said the General; "and, if the magician had proposed to show me the regions of the moon, or the centre of the earth, I should have waited the fulfilment in perfect faith. I still expected some reference to the affair of the conspirators, of which little more had then transpired than that it was an extraordinary display of daring and defiance on the part of one of the assemblage, and that they had been baffled chiefly by that strange individual. I took it for granted that the Signora could give a complete insight into this mysterious transaction, merely from her seeming to have the command of every secret in Europe. The Duke had evidently come to the same conclusion, for I heard him utter the name of Salvandi. Scarcely had the word been thus involuntarily pronounced, when as if by a spell, the chamber of the meeting was before us. All the details were perfect, as I had seen them on the day of the arrest. We then saw the whole process of the dispute, the purchase, the quarrel, and the discovery, gone through, and with such remarkable distinctness, that I was fully convinced of its being the true version. The Prince's feelings were wrought upon so strongly by the showy gallantry of the Zingaro, that, while the mimic explosion was scarcely cleared away, he repeatedly demanded of the Signora what had become of the captain. 'Had he perished in the explosion, or fallen in the conflict?' 'Neither,' was the answer. 'If he lives, then,' said the Prince, 'and will return to his country, let him be told that his Prince is not insensible to the courage which saved the state from a rebellion. He shall have a commission in my guards.' 'He will never draw sword again,' was the solemn reply. The Prince now urged the matter more strongly: no answer was returned. 'At least, let me know his name,' he asked. A low voice pronounced, 'Carmolini.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Carmolini all, and every where! monk, minstrel, and Zingaro! thrice my preserver! I must see him.'

"'It is impossible,' was the reply.

"The Prince, unaccustomed to non-compliance of any kind, was indignant at the abruptness of the refusal, and would have issued his commands upon the spot. But I advised gentler counsels, and remarked to him that the necromancer who had done so much could probably do more; at least to the extent of keeping her secret as long as she wished it. The Prince's nature was manly, and he felt his haste at once. 'True,' said he, 'force is not in our compact. We came here only to see, and we have seen. But money may have its effect. Signora,' said he, addressing the invisible mistress of this extraordinary display, 'name your demand for bringing before me this Carmolini.'

"'It is beyond the power of the stars,' said the voice. 'He is passed away for ever.'

"The Prince's determination seemed to be but the more fixed by this denial. 'Signora,' said he, 'I must not be trifled with; you know my power. We are alone. You have nothing to fear for the bandit, Zingaro, conspirator, or whatever he may be. I give him a free pardon. But he must appear.'

"'The Zingaro will never appear on earth again,' said the voice.

"The Prince, wound up to the height of feverish interest, eagerly exclaimed, 'Sorceress! if he cannot appear in the body, I command you to summon him in the spirit.'

"The saloon was instantly involved in darkness so total, that I began to have some alarms lest the Prince had been actually betrayed into danger, and lest the fair magician was an instrument of some new conspiracy. I half drew my sword, and laid hold of the Duke's arm to draw him away. He was immovable. At length, a slight glimmer stole on the darkness. Sounds of a hymn, singularly sweet, but distinct, came on the ear. The light increased, and what had seemed shadows shaped themselves into the pillars and arches of a cloister. A tomb was next visible, with a beautiful female figure in marble reclining on it. The letters of an inscription now began to grow clear, and I read aloud the name, Emelia Galotti. The Prince repeated it, with an intensity of gaze, and a remorseful bitterness of tone, that told me, the necromancer had fathomed some of the deepest secrets of his heart. He stood evidently attempting to give his feelings utterance, but without the power to speak. It was now my time to interpose, and, agitated as I, too, was by the scene, I addressed the Signora to forbear a display which so painfully affected the Prince. 'Since it his will,' said I, 'produce Carmolini, and be done.' But even I was confounded by what followed. The tomb actually opened; and from it moved what, if I had ever dreamed of a shape of the future world, realized all my conceptions. A form, shadowy and solemn, yet apparently as light as air, advanced from the tomb; a gleam of moonlight, from the stained casement of the cloister, threw a pale glory round the vision, and I gazed, I must confess, in awe, though without any painful sense of fear. The phantom approached where we stood motionless. Its veil seemed to dissolve away, and I saw a face strongly resembling that of the lovely girl whom I had observed in the flight from the cottage. 'Carlo Rosalba,' sighed the phantom. 'Emilia Galetti!' exclaimed the Prince; and bounding across the slight enclosure that separated us from the scene, followed the retreating phantom a few headlong steps, and fell insensible. Then I saw the whole phenomenon revealed: the phantom was turned into a living, breathing, lovely woman; weeping, upbraiding herself, rejoicing, forgiving, and happy.

"That night closed the long series of anxieties which had haunted the Duke with a sense of violated faith. Feelings of that order may not occasion much uneasiness in the world in general, but his was an honorable heart, however fettered by the habits of his condition. The story was never suffered to come formally before the country; for the marriage which took place soon after rendered all inquiry a breach of etiquette. But thus much could be ascertained—that the Duke, when under the care of his tutors at the college of Milan, had been captivated by the remarkable beauty of a peasant girl in the vicinity of the college. Known to her but by the assumed name of Rosalba, he had induced her to fly with him to a neighboring church, where they were married. This transpired. His tutors were in alarm; Signor Rosalba was sent off at night under a guard to Modena; and Signora Galotti in the opposite direction, under a similar guard to a convent. It was said that she soon died there of a pestilential fever, which was making great ravages in the province. All further inquiry was unavailing.

"But woman's love, perseverance, and genius, are not to be easily baffled; and the Signora Emilia wound her way out of her dungeon. Learning the rank of her lover, and loftily determining to make her value felt before she claimed her rights, she watched over his safety in a time which was beginning to be anxious. Her zeal defied danger; and, under the various characters which she could incomparably assume, she contrived to become acquainted with the most secret proceedings of our revolutionists. The handsomest woman of Italy was transformed by love into the name of terror, Carmolini!

"The picture which you have seen in the cabinet of the palazzo gives a strong likeness of this remarkable being in her more solemn mood. But the pencil was never made to do full justice to woman in her loveliness, and you lose, even in this fine performance, the true witchery of her beauty. Her design was bold; but what is too daring for passion, and, of all passions, that of an Italian? The enterprise was difficult, but when does woman calculate difficulty? But the success was triumphant, and in this world of ours the end is every thing. She triumphed, and Semiramis or Cæsar could do no more."

A flourish from the orchestra interrupted the narrative. "Midnight," said the General. "The trumpets are announcing the opening of the supper-rooms. No man can live on romance, and we must seize time by the wing, if we are to sup to-night. *Andiamo.*" CRESCENBINI.

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.—An Irishman escaped from a prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hogshead, which broke and let him in up to the middle. 'Faith,' said he, as he scrabbled out, 'I have often heard of the *sweates of liberty*, but never knew what it meant before.'

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1837.

Will the Editor of the *Plaindealer* oblige us by an exposition and application of his free trade principles, as they may or should be adapted to the sale of the Public Lands? More concisely, will he inform us whether he does or does not deem a restriction of the sales of public lands to actual settlers on the same, constitutional, salutary and proper? *New-Yorker of Jan. 7.*

The above is from a weekly cotemporary print, published in this city, called *The New-Yorker*. Without acknowledging any right which that or any other journal has to catechize us on subjects on which we have offered no opinions, we yet have no objection whatever to answer the question put to us.

Free trade we take to consist in the buyer and seller being left to make their own bargain; it would therefore be no violation of the principles of free trade for the Government, which is the seller in the case stated, to ask any price, or make any conditions it thought proper, in disposing of the public lands. So much for the free trade part of the question.

The constitutionality of such a restriction as is stated depends upon the fact whether there is or is not any clause in the Constitution of the United States stipulating the mode and terms of sale in regard to the public lands. The Constitution of the United States says that "the Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." As there is here no limitation of power as to the mode or terms of the sale of the public lands, we should think the constitutionality of the restriction about which we are asked could not be doubted.

With regard to the propriety of the restriction, the question, in our view, should be decided by a careful consideration of it solely as it will tend to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. That this object would be most certainly effected by that mode of disposal which would lead to the largest amount of actual settlement upon, and cultivation of, the public lands, we do not doubt.

Having thus been drawn out to express our views on this subject, which we certainly had no desire to withhold, may we take the liberty to ask the New-Yorker a question? We understand it to be in favor of special legislation in regard to banking, insuring against losses from fire and the perils of the sea, &c. Will it be good enough to inform us why the business of manufacturing gilt ginger bread and sugar whistles is not as much entitled to be protected by special charters and the provisions of a restraining law, as that of bankers and insurers? *Plaindealer of Jan. 14.*

We would respectfully inform The Plaindealer that we base our right to "catechize" him as above on a provision of the uncodified common law in the words following, to wit—'A cat may look on a king.' The right to ask a civil question we deem indubitable and universal; the obligation to answer may not be so clear; but this, it will be seen, was entirely waived by the terms of our interrogation. We requested of a public journalist as a favor an exposition of his views on a topic of great public interest. Is it possible that there can be any thing impertinent or offensive in this humble requisition?

But further—a political essayist of conceded ability and no little popularity establishes a public journal for the express purpose of diffusing and enforcing certain broad principles of political economy—principles in some respects novel, and, if sound, of universal applicability. These principles are set forth with great distinctness and force, and certain features of the prevailing policy and existing laws which seem opposed to them are assailed with a vigor nearly allied to ferocity. How natural at this juncture the inquiry—How do these principles apply to another weighty subject on which a variety of opinions are entertained? For instance—If 'free trade' in money, in merchandize, in business generally, be so desirable, may not free trade in lands be equally politic? If all legal restrictions on individual enterprise, all attempts to interfere with, direct, and supervise the investment of capital and the rightful pursuit of gain, be radically wrong, oppressive, injurious, and a flagrant departure from the true purposes of government, must not a law of the land by which one class of citizens is enabled to purchase a certain description of property at a given rate, while another class is forbidden to purchase at all, be obnoxious to the denunciation? Such was the query which suggested itself to our mind while reading some of the spirited attacks on special legislation, and particularly on what may be deemed protective legislation, in a late number of The Plaindealer, and recalling the fact, which we had just seen announced, that Mr. Walker, from the Committee on Public Lands, had just submitted to the Senate of the United States a bill to restrict the sales of Public Lands to actual settlers on the same.—But enough on this head. We trust we stand absolved, even in the opinion of The Plaindealer, from the imputation of discourtesy, or of an overweening desire to attract his notice.—We proceed, then, to profit by the answer he has vouchsafed us.

'Free trade,' says our enlightener, 'we take to consist in the buyer and seller being left to make their own bargains.' Indeed! In the plenitude of our ignorance we had given a much wider signification to the phrase. Let us illustrate: Suppose on the next day that the new Tariff Bill before the House of Representatives is under discussion in Committee of the Whole, Mr. C. C. Cambreleng should propose an increase of the duty on iron imported to one hundred per cent. except iron intended for the construction of railroads, which should be admitted free of duty. There would doubtless be evinced what is called a 'sensation,' and some Member, ignorant, like us, of the true import of the term, might accuse the Honorable gentleman of an abandonment or violation of the principles of free trade, for his consistent support of which he has long been distinguished. 'You mistake,' replies the Commercial Representative, with a compassionating smile; 'free trade consists in the buyer and seller being allowed to make their own bargain; and as I propose no restriction of this liberty, my free trade consistency is unimpeachable.' The caviller, rebuked, instructed, and satisfied, would of course humbly acknowledge his error.

Now, if it be true that 'free trade' has no further import than this, we must of course stand corrected. But we have hitherto understood that the law which authorises so many pilots and no more to conduct vessels into the harbor of New-York, (though allowing shipmasters to 'make their own bargains') and the law which forbids the keeping of offices of discount and deposite by individuals or voluntary associations (though allowing depositors and the banks to 'make their own bargains,') are violations of the principle of free trade. As such, we have advocated their unqualified repeal; and we have thought the strenuous and efficient hostility of The Plaindealer to these and many kindred restrictions was based on a like conviction. We appeal, then, to the common sense of the reader to bear us out in the assertion that the passage of a law restricting the sales of Public Lands to those only who would bind themselves to settle upon and cultivate the same would be a measure of the same generic kind with those which, under such sounding titles as 'the American system,' 'protection to domestic industry,' &c. &c. have encountered the unremitting and ardent hostility of the Editor of the Plaindealer for years past. It is a system of cobbling, and forcing, and discriminating, designed to supersede one of real and palpable free trade. Now, the individual who chooses to purchase a tract of land of the Government simply notifies his desire to the proper Land Office, and as soon as may be pays his money and receives his deed. Every citizen has an equal chance to obtain all he may be able to pay for, except so far as Pre-emptions, the force of public sentiment, and the dread of summary vengeance, combine to give the hardy pioneer or squatter the privilege of retaining the tract on which he may have so settled until he finds it convenient to pay for it. The vast extent of the Public Domain precludes the possibility of its being monopolized by any number of speculators; while the unlimited right of taxation enjoyed after five years (which temporary immunity ought to be and doubtless soon will be abolished) by the actual settlers, and the knowledge that, let them buy as much as they will, there will always be an abundance of good land for sale at a dollar and a quarter per acre, must check and discourage the investment of capital in lands merely with the view of obtaining a great price for them at a future day. And this system we are asked to abolish and substitute another by which the seller, contrary to all the received rules of trade, assumes to 'catechize' the buyer, not with respect to his ability to pay, for he lays down the money, but on the disposition which he proposes to make of the property, for which he tenders full payment in hand. And what constitutes an actual settler? Must the purchaser bind himself to remain on his tract for two years? five years? ten years? or is he to be a prisoner for life? There must be affidavits of course, and the conveyance must be a qualified one; and very probably vouchers and security will be required for the faithful performance of the stipulated conditions. Who does not see that there must infallibly be frauds, and forfeitures, and violation of contracts, and informers, and forgeries, and settlers who are the mere instruments of speculators, and all the incidents of a system of gigantic and oppressive restriction? Next will come the general insecurity of titles, growing out of the loose and questionable manner in which the conditions of sale have been fulfilled, then endless litigation, and ejectments, and combinations to resist all interference with the actual possessors, and finally a new act to confirm titles and make all illegalities legal, and at last the system will degenerate from a grievance to a farce. We do not assert that The Plaindealer sees all this as we do; but we do believe that he cannot give an hour's consideration to this system of restriction to actual settlers without being convinced that it is not a free trade system. He surely cannot believe that an act providing that a blacksmith might buy public lands, but a physician must not—that a Kentuckian might have lands at fifty cents per acre, while a Pennsylvanian should not have them at any price—would be consistent with the broad and distinctive principles which he has hitherto maintained. And yet he affirms as much in his sweeping assertion that it would be no violation of the principles of free trade for the Government to make any conditions it thought proper. 'So much for the free trade part of the question.'

We must endeavor to pass more briefly over the remaining divisions of the subject. As to the 'constitutionality' of the proposed restriction, we perceive that The Plaindealer is disposed to give this term, like 'free trade,' a narrower signification than it conveys to our mind—to confine it to a direct violation of some specific clause of the Federal Constitution. With this view, he says the constitutionality of the restriction cannot be doubted. We doubt whether, even thus, the spirit of the provision that 'the citizens of each State shall enjoy all the privileges of citizens in all the other States,' would not be contravened by the contemplated restriction. But we used the term 'constitutionality,' perhaps loosely, to cover the obligations contracted by the General Government in assuming the management of the Public Lands. These lands, it must be borne in mind, were mainly ceded by two or three States to Congress, specifically "*for the benefit of the several States*," (then independent allied republics, not united by a Constitution under a Federal Government.) That it was intended as a grant to the States as such, is established by the fact that Virginia, in ceding by far the larger portion of this territory, so stipulates, with the explanatory clause, "Virginia included;" which could hardly have been deemed necessary, unless some other than a collective and aggregate benefit was contemplated. We submit, then, that any disposition of the Public Lands which shall tend to benefit any number of the States at the expense of the remainder—which shall allure, for instance, the population, the wealth, the enterprise, the hardy industry of Virginia from her own soil to that of the new States without rendering her any considerable recompense—would be a violation of the contract by which the General Government obtained any right to dispose of these lands at all, and that therefore the power to make such disposition does not properly, rightfully, constitutionally, belong to that Government.

If the last proposition be a sound one, The Plaindealer's assumption that the only consideration to be regarded in this matter is 'the greatest good of the greatest number' is exploded. The Federal Government has no right to adopt a line of policy, except within certain specified and narrow limits, which would injure six, four, or even one of the twenty-five States, although 'the greatest good of the greatest number' were effectually subserved thereby. His rule would annihilate all constitutions, State rights, and rights of minorities generally, and transform the body politic into one chaotic and limitless democracy.

Equally fallacious, we believe, is the assumption that 'the largest amount of actual settlement' is the grand, the sole desideratum. We cannot see that the prompt removal of one-half the citizens of our own State, for instance, to the wilds of Illinois and Wisconsin, would promote 'the greatest good' aforesaid, or indeed any salutary end. The lands are being settled, we doubt not, quite fast enough; and no legislative specifics, no system of bounties and penalties, can accelerate the healthful and steady advance of the pioneer and the ploughman. We have a clear conviction that the measure under discussion would very sensibly retard instead of hastening their march. But we have already given so much

space to this discussion that we must reserve that point for future consideration.

And now to the question so courteously propounded to us by The Plaindealer, and which, knowing as we do the addiction of our cotemporary to smartness, in season and out of season, we shall consider as seriously put, not with the view of ridiculing our humble pretensions to proficiency in political science, but with the purpose of eliciting our views.—The Plaindealer 'understands' The New-Yorker to be in favor of special legislation in regard to banks and insurance. Now, as we have never, so far as our recollection extends, penned a line on the subject of insurance, we marvel how our neighbor came by this understanding. That he has not read our lucubrations so extensively as we have read his, we certainly deem no impeachment of his intelligence or his taste. We must assure him, however, that we stand opposed to all restrictions upon, and all special legislation in regard to, either banking or insurance, except so far as they are necessary to protect the community against fraud and bankruptcy. We have ever advocated the repeal of all restraints upon banking, except in the single instance of the right to issue paper to circulate as money. On this point, our views are very similar to those of Governor Marcy, which the Editor has labored so hard to subvert in his last paper. Having uniformly advocated the unqualified repeal of the Restraining Law, the removal of all kindred restraints, and the Reform of our Banking System generally, we feel that we are unjustly ranked with the advocates of chartered monopolies. All the restriction on Banking we desire is simply the restriction of the right of issuing paper as money to those alone (whether individuals or companies) who shall establish before a proper tribunal that they are unquestionably able to redeem a certain amount of paper whenever called upon, and such a constant supervision over them as shall ensure their continued solvency. As to insurance, we do not regard such a supervision as so necessary, but we think it would be found salutary. We want no charters, (unless the above is a charter,) no distribution of stock, no exclusive privileges, no restrictions, except the restriction of the power of coining paper money to those who are able to redeem it. And now we are ready to answer The Plaindealer's question, or so much of it as remains to be answered, as follows: Whenever it shall become notorious and undeniable that the community have suffered severely by the use of noxious or poisonous materials in the manufacture, gilding and coloring of gilt gingerbread and sugar whistles, we shall deem it incumbent on the Legislature, acting in its high capacity of conservator of the public welfare, to institute such a supervision over the manufacture of the aforesaid luxuries as shall most feasibly, efficiently, and least onerously remove and prevent the evil complained of. Is The Plaindealer answered?

MAINE.—The Legislature of this State convened at Augusta on the 4th inst. John C. Talbot, (V. B.) was elected President of the Senate without opposition. In the House Hanibal H. Hamlin (V. B. was elected Speaker over Elisha A. Allen (W.), having 94 votes to 46—9 scattering. Chas. Waterhouse was elected Clerk. On the Monday following, the vacancies in the Senate caused by the failure to effect a choice by the people of Cumberland, (one Senator) and Somerset (two Senators) were filled. The Van Buren candidates were chosen, of course,

Governor Dunlap's Message is a business paper of moderate length, and elevated character. It advocates a State system of Internal Improvements,—a reform in the Judicial system of the States—a reduction of the Tariff, and an energetic prosecution of the claim of Maine to the disputed Territory on her North-Eastern boundary. The fiscal condition of the State is highly favorable. The revenue of the last year, was $231,909 60; the expenditure $206,922 79. The State debt is now $135,000, while the sums due the State for lands sold, amount to $340,682 84. The Governor recommends the reception of their proportion of the Surplus Revenue, and its disposition in such a manner that it may be returned when required by the General Government.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Dr. Daniel Sturgeon of Fayette co. was on Wednesday of last week elected State Treasurer by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, vice Hon. Joseph Lawrence of Washington co. On the first ballot, Mr. Lawrence had a plurality (45,) while th vote of the dominant party was divided among half a dozen candidates; but on the eleventh, Dr. Sturgeon had 71 votes, Mr. Lawrence 39, and 5 scattering. Dr. Sturgeon was Auditor General under Gov. Wolf, and, like Mr. Lawrence, a faithful and capable officer.

GEORGIA.—An Election was held throughout this State on the 2d inst. for a Member of the present Congress, to take the place of Hon. Geo. W. B. Townes, resigned. From the returns received, we can hardly doubt that Col. Julius Alford, the 'State Rights' Anti Van Buren candidate, has succeeded over Col. James Liddell, his 'Union' competitor.

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NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Black, Calhoun, Clay, Crittenden, Davis, Ewing of Ohio, Hendricks, Kent, Knight, Moore, Prentiss, Robbins, Southard, Swift, Tomlinson, Webster, White.—19.

[The absentees are Messrs. Cuthbert and King of Ga., and M'Kean of Pa. Dr. Spence of Md. and Judge Clayton of Del. (both Whigs) had not yet taken their seats. One vacancy from Louisiana, occasioned by the resignation of Judge Porter, also Whig.]

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In the House, this being petition day, the unfinished business of last Monday, being the debate on Abolition memorials, was about to be resumed, Mr. Bynum being entitled to the floor. He yielded, however, to a motion of Mr. Howard, that the States be called for petitions in reverse order. This was opposed by J. Q. Adams, but carried; the vote on suspending the rule being Yeas 123, Nays 58. Mr. Howard's resolution prevailed by 125 to 33. Thereupon, petitions from all the new States and Territories were presented. At length, Mr. Jones of Ohio presented the memorial of the Colonization Society of Fredericksburg, Ohio, praying Congress to further their cause in the District of Columbia. Mr. Pinckney moved to lay this on the table. Carried: Yeas 130, Nays 49. Mr. Whittlesey of Ohio remarked that he had several Abolition memorials, which he should not present at this time. Afterward, the Speaker presented the memorial of the Grand Jury of Washington County, D. C., praying that petitions for the Abolition of Slavery in the District be not received nor entertained by the House. This was likewise laid on the table. A number of Abolition memorials were subsequently presented, and thus disposed of; first, a member opposed to them would object to their reception; then another would move to lay the question of reception on the table, which prevailed. A number of resolutions were also offered. No other than preliminary business was transacted.

On Tuesday, Mr. Calhoun, in Senate, raised a question on the legality of the Expunging process of last evening, on the ground that less than one-half a full Senate was present. Mr. King of Ala. replied, and contended that the presence of no more than one-half the Senators actually in attendance at Washington was necessary to the transaction of business. The subject here rested.

A debate arose on the remonstrance of the grand jury of Washington, D. C. against the reception of Abolition memorials. The speakers were Messrs. Calhoun, Niles, Brown, King of Ala. Morris, Kent, Wall and Hubbard.—The subject was finally dropped, after voting to print the usual number of the memorial.

Mr. Preston, from the Committee on the Library, reported a joint resolution authorising the payment of $30,000 for the work left by Mr. Madison: read once.

John S. Spence, elected a Senator of the United States for the State of Maryland, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Robert H. Goldsborough, appeared, submitted to the usual forms, and took his seat.

On motion of Mr. Walker, the Senate took up the special order, being the bill to prohibit the sales of the Public Lands except to actual settlers, &c.

Mr. Morris approved of the principles of the bill, but did not approve of the amendment which had been reported by the Committee on Public Lands. It went to keep up the auction system, to which he objected.

Mr. Morris offered an amendment, embracing the principle of graduation of the price of Public Lands in proportion to the time they had been offered for sale, which prevailed—Yeas 19, Nays 18.

In the House, Mr. Underwood of Ky. attempted to introduce a series of resolutions declaring that it is not compatible with the Constitution of the United States to expunge, alter or impair the journals of either House of Congress. Leave was refused.

Mr. C. Allan's resolution proposing to distribute a quantity of the Public Lands among the old States was, on motion of Mr. Bell, laid on the table: Yeas 114, Nays 82.

Mr. Thomas attempted to get up the Michigan Bill, but failed: Yeas 124, Nays 71—not two-thirds.

Mr. Wise's resolution finally came up, and Mr. McKeon of this city spoke at length in opposition. Mr. Jenifer of Md. followed in reply.

When Mr. Jenifer had concluded, Mr. Vanderpool of N. Y. obtained the floor and moved the Previous Question, but withdrew it to enable Mr. Wise to make a few remarks, on a pledge that the latter would renew it. Mr. Wise animadverted with great severity upon the course of the dominant party in the House, alleging that they had opposed and baffled the desired investigation until a period so late in the session that it was now impossible to prosecute it effectually. When he had concluded, the Previous Question was put and carried, and the resolution passed—only six voting in the negative.

On Wednesday, the bill restricting the sales of Public Lands was again before the Senate. Mr. Clay moved to reconsider the vote in favor of graduating the price of lands (which he had voted for under a misapprehension;) but before any decision was had, the whole subject was postponed to Friday.

A bill from the Land Committee virtually repealing the Treasury Order passed through its first stages without opposition. (It will doubtless have become a law before we issue another paper.)

A bill instructing the Treasury Department to anticipate the payment of the indemnity instalments becoming due under the French and Neapolitan treaties, was considered and rejected: Yeas 19, Nays 22.

In the House, a resolution offered by Mr. Hawes, providing that all memorials relating to the Abolition of Slavery be laid on the table, and no further action be had thereupon, was adopted (debate having been cut off by the Previous Question:) Yeas 129; Nays 69.

A bill to regulate the pay and mileage of Members of Congress (designed to prevent overcharges) was carried through all its incipient stages and engrossed: Yeas 186; Nays 16.

The Michigan Bill came up, and those opposed to the recent proceedings in Michigan wished it committed to a Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union. This was opposed by the friends of the bill, and defeated: Yeas 86, Nays 110—so the bill would come up in course for the direct action of the House on the following day.

MR. WEBSTER'S PROTEST.

Against the Passage of the Expunging Resolution.

The debate having closed, and the question being about to be taken, Mr. WEBSTER rose, and addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: Upon the truth and justice of the original resolution of the Senate, and upon the authority of the Senate to pass that resolution, I had an opportunity to express my opinions at a subsequent period, when the President's protest was before us. Those opinions remain altogether unchanged.

And now, had the constitution secured the privilege of entering a PROTEST on the journal, I should not say one word on this occasion; although, if what is now proposed shall be accomplished, I know not what would have been the value of such a provision, however formally or carefully it might have been inserted in the body of that instrument.

But, as there is no such constitutional privilege, I can only effect my purpose by thus addressing the Senate; and I rise, therefore, to make that *Protest* in this manner, in the face of the Senate, and in the face of the country, which I cannot present in any other form.

I speak in my own behalf, and in behalf of my colleague; we both speak as Senators from the State of Massachusetts, and, as such, we solemnly *Protest* against this whole proceeding.

We deny that the Senators from other States have any power or authority to expunge any vote or votes which we have given here, and which we have recorded agreeably to the express provision of the constitution.

We have a high personal interest, and the State whose representatives we are, has also a high interest in the entire preservation of every part and parcel of the record of our conduct, as members of the Senate.

This record the constitution solemnly declares shall be *kept;* but the resolution before the Senate declares that this record shall be *expunged.*

Whether subterfuge and evasion, and, as it appears to us, the degrading mockery of drawing black lines upon the journal, shall or shall not leave our names and our votes legible, when this violation of the record shall have been completed, still the term "to expunge" and the term "to keep," when applied to a record, import ideas exactly contradictory; as much so as the term "to preserve" and the term "to destroy."

A record which is *expunged,* is not a record which is *kept,* any more than a record which is *destroyed* can be a record which is *preserved.* The part expunged is no longer part of the record; it has no longer a legal existence. It cannot be certified as a part of the proceeding of the Senate for any purpose of proof or evidence.

The object of the provision in the Constitution, as we think, most obviously is, that the proceedings of the Senate shall be preserved, in writing, not for the present only, not until published only, because a copy of the printed journal is not regular legal evidence; but preserved indefinitely; preserved, as other records are preserved, till destroyed by time or accident.

Every one must see that matters of the highest importance depend on the permanent preservation of the journals of the two Houses. What but the journals show that bills have been regularly passed into laws, through the several stages; what but the journal shows who are the members, or who is President, or Speaker, or Secretary, or Clerk of the body? What but the journal contains the proof, necessary for the justification of those who act under our authority, and who, without the power of producing such proof, must stand as trespassers? What but the journals show who is appointed, and who rejected, by us, on the President's nomination; or who is acquitted, or who convicted, in trials on impeachment? In short, is there, at any time, any other regular and legal proof of any act done by the Senate than the journal itself?

The idea, therefore, that the Senate is bound to preserve its journal only until it is published, and then may alter, mutilate, or destroy it at pleasure, appears to us one of the most extraordinary sentiments ever advanced.

We are deeply grateful to those friends who have shown, with so much clearness, that all the precedents relied on to justify or to excuse this proceeding, are either not to the purpose, or, from the times and circumstances at and under which they happened, are no way entitled to respect in a free government, existing under a written Constitution. But for ourselves, we stand on the plain words of that Constitution itself. A thousand precedents elsewhere made, whether ancient or modern, can neither rescind, nor control, nor explain away these words.

The words are, that "Each House shall KEEP a journal of its proceedings." No gloss, no ingenuity, no specious interpretation, and much less can any fair or just reasoning reconcile the process of expunging with the plain meaning of these words, to the satisfaction of the common sense and honest understanding of mankind.

If the Senate may now expunge one part of the journal of a former session, it may, with equal authority, expunge another part, or the whole. It may expunge the entire record of any one session, or of all sessions.

It seems to us inconceivable how any men can regard such a power, and its exercise at pleasure, as consistent with the injunction of the Constitution. It can make no difference what is the completeness or incompleteness of the act of expunging, or by what means done; whether by erasure, obliteration, or defacement; if by defacement, as here proposed, whether one word or many words are written on the face of the record; whether little ink or much ink is shed on the paper; or whether some part, or the whole, of the original written journal may yet by possibility be traced. If the act done be an act to expunge, to blot out, to obliterate, to erase the record, then the record is expunged, blotted out, obliterated, and erased.—And mutilation and alteration violate the record as much as obliteration or erasure. A record, subsequently altered, is not the original record. It no longer gives a just account of the proceedings of the Senate. It is no longer true. It is, in short, no journal of the real and actual proceedings of the Senate, such as the Constitution says each House shall keep.

The Constitution, therefore, is, in our deliberate judgement, violated by this proceeding in the most plain and open manner.

The Constitution, moreover, provides that the yeas and nays on any question shall, at the request of one-fifth of the members present, *be entered on the journal.* This provision most manifestly gives a personal right to those members who may demand it, to the entry and preservation of their votes on the record of the proceedings of the body, not for one day or one year only, but for all time. There the yeas and nays are to stand for ever, as permanent and lasting proof of the manner in which members have voted on great and important questions before them.

But it is now insisted that the votes of members, taken by yeas and nays, and thus entered on the journal as matter of right, may be expunged; so that that which it requires more than four-fifths of the Senators to prevent from being put on the journal may nevertheless be struck off and erased the next moment, or at any period afterward, by the will of a mere majority; or, if this be not admitted, then the absurdity is adopted of maintaining that this provision of the Constitution is fulfilled by merely preserving the yeas and nays on the journal, after having expunged and obliterated the very resolution or the very question on which they were given and to which alone they refer—leaving the yeas and nays thus a mere list of names, connected with no question, no subject, no vote. We put it to the impartial judgement of mankind, if this proceeding be not, in this respect also, directly and palpably inconsistent with the Constitution.

We protest, in the most solemn manner, that other Senators have no authority to deprive us of our personal rights, secured to us by the Constitution, either by expunging, or obliterating, or mutilating, or defacing the record of our votes, duly entered by yeas and nays; or by expunging, and obliterating the resolutions or questions on which those votes were given and recorded.

We have seen, with deep and sincere pain, the Legisla-

space to this discussion that we must reserve that point for future consideration.

And now to the question so courteously propounded to us by The Plaindealer, and which, knowing as we do the addiction of our cotemporary to smartness, in season and out of season, we shall consider as seriously put, not with the view of ridiculing our humble pretensions to proficiency in political science, but with the purpose of eliciting our views.—The Plaindealer 'understands' The New-Yorker to be in favor of special legislation in regard to banks and insurance. Now, as we have never, so far as our recollection extends, penned a line on the subject of insurance, we marvel how our neighbor came by this understanding. That he has not read our lucubrations so extensively as we have read his, we certainly deem no impeachment of his intelligence or his taste. We must assure him, however, that we stand opposed to all restrictions upon, and all special legislation in regard to, either banking or insurance, except so far as they are necessary to protect the community against fraud and bankruptcy. We have ever advocated the repeal of all restraints upon banking, except in the single instance of the right to issue paper to circulate as money. On this point, our views are very similar to those of Governor Marcy, which the Editor has labored so hard to subvert in his last paper. Having uniformly advocated the unqualified repeal of the Restraining Law, the removal of all kindred restraints, and the Reform of our Banking System generally, we feel that we are unjustly ranked with the advocates of chartered monopolies. All the restriction on Banking we desire is simply the restriction of the right of issuing paper as money to those alone (whether individuals or companies) who shall establish before a proper tribunal that they are unquestionably able to redeem a certain amount of paper whenever called upon, and such a constant supervision over them as shall ensure their continued solvency. As to insurance, we do not regard such a supervision as so necessary, but we think it would be found salutary. We want no charters, (unless the above is a charter,) no distribution of stock, no exclusive privileges, no restrictions, except the restriction of the power of coining paper money to those who are able to redeem it. And now we are ready to answer The Plaindealer's question, or so much of it as remains to be answered, as follows: Whenever it shall become notorious and undeniable that the community have suffered severely by the use of noxious or poisonous materials in the manufacture, gilding and coloring of gilt gingerbread and sugar whistles, we shall deem it incumbent on the Legislature, acting in its high capacity of conservator of the public welfare, to institute such a supervision over the manufacture of the aforesaid luxuries as shall most feasibly, efficiently, and least onerously remove and prevent the evil complained of. Is The Plaindealer answered?

MAINE.—The Legislature of this State convened at Augusta on the 4th inst. John C. Talbot, (V. B.) was elected President of the Senate without opposition. In the House Hanibal H. Hamlin (V. B. was elected Speaker over Elisha A. Allen (W.), having 94 votes to 46—9 scattering. Chas. Waterhouse was elected Clerk. On the Monday following, the vacancies in the Senate caused by the failure to effect a choice by the people of Cumberland, (one Senator) and Somerset (two Senators) were filled. The Van Buren candidates were chosen, of course.

Governor Dunlap's Message is a business paper of moderate length, and elevated character. It advocates a State system of Internal Improvements,—a reform in the Judicial system of the States—a reduction of the Tariff, and an energetic prosecution of the claim of Maine to the disputed Territory on her North-Eastern boundary. The fiscal condition of the State is highly favorable. The revenue of the last year, was $231,909 60; the expenditure $206,92279. The State debt is now $135,000, while the sums due the State for lands sold, amount to $340,-682 84. The Governor recommends the reception of their proportion of the Surplus Revenue, and its disposition in such a manner that it may be returned when required by the General Government.

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Mr. Benton now moved that the Secretary proceed to draw the *black lines* contemplated by the resolution. Carried. The Senators opposed to the proceeding thereupon vacated their seats and retired from the chamber. The Clerk proceeded to execute the order, during which a hissing was heard from the galleries. Mr. Benton in an angry speech demanded that "*the Bank ruffians*" be taken into custody. Carried. An individual was accordingly arrested; but, after some awkward manœuvres, discharged

again. The Senate then adjourned, at about 10 o'clock, P. M.

In the House, this being petition day, the unfinished business of last Monday, being the debate on Abolition memorials, was about to be resumed, Mr. Bynum being entitled to the floor. He yielded, however, to a motion of Mr. Howard, that the States be called for petitions in reverse order. This was opposed by J. Q. Adams, but carried; the vote on suspending the rule being Yeas 123, Nays 58. Mr. Howard's resolution prevailed by 125 to 33. Thereupon, petitions from all the new States and Territories were presented. At length, Mr. Jones of Ohio presented the memorial of the Colonization Society of Fredericksburg, Ohio, praying Congress to further their cause in the District of Columbia. Mr. Pinckney moved to lay this on the table. Carried: Yeas 130, Nays 49. Mr. Whittlesey of Ohio remarked that he had several Abolition memorials, which he should not present at this time. Afterward, the Speaker presented the memorial of the Grand Jury of Washington County, D. C., praying that petitions for the Abolition of Slavery in the District be not received nor entertained by the House. This was likewise laid on the table. A number of Abolition memorials were subsequently presented, and thus disposed of; first, a member opposed to them would object to their reception; then another would move to lay the question of reception on the table, which prevailed. A number of resolutions were also offered. No other than preliminary business was transacted.

On Tuesday, Mr. Calhoun, in Senate, raised a question on the legality of the Expunging process of last evening, on the ground that less than one-half a full Senate was present. Mr. King of Ala. replied, and contended that the presence of no more than one-half the Senators actually in attendance at Washington was necessary to the transaction of business. The subject here rested.

A debate arose on the remonstrance of the grand jury of Washington, D. C. against the reception of Abolition memorials. The speakers were Messrs. Calhoun, Niles, Brown, King of Ala. Morris, Kent, Wall and Hubbard.—The subject was finally dropped, after voting to print the usual number of the memorial.

Mr. Preston, from the Committee on the Library, reported a joint resolution authorising the payment of $30,000 for the work left by Mr. Madison: read once.

John S. Spence, elected a Senator of the United States for the State of Maryland, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Robert H. Goldsborough, appeared, submitted to the usual forms, and took his seat.

On motion of Mr. Walker, the Senate took up the special order, being the bill to prohibit the sales of the Public Lands except to actual settlers, &c.

Mr. Morris approved of the principles of the bill, but did not approve of the amendment which had been reported by the Committee on Public Lands. It went to keep up the auction system, to which he objected.

Mr. Morris offered an amendment, embracing the principle of graduation of the price of Public Lands in proportion to the time they had been offered for sale, which prevailed—Yeas 19, Nays 18.

In the House, Mr. Underwood of Ky. attempted to introduce a series of resolutions declaring that it is not compatible with the Constitution of the United States to expunge, alter or impair the journals of either House of Congress. Leave was refused.

Mr. C. Allan's resolution proposing to distribute a quantity of the Public Lands among the old States was, on motion of Mr. Bell, laid on the table: Yeas 114, Nays 82.

Mr. Thomas attempted to get up the Michigan Bill, but failed: Yeas 124, Nays 71—not two-thirds.

Mr. Wise's resolution finally came up, and Mr. McKeon of this city spoke at length in opposition. Mr. Jenifer of Md. followed in reply.

When Mr. Jenifer had concluded, Mr. Vanderpool of N. Y. obtained the floor and moved the Previous Question, but withdrew it to enable Mr. Wise to make a few remarks, on a pledge that the latter would renew it. Mr. Wise animadverted with great severity upon the course of the dominant party in the House, alleging that they had opposed and baffled the desired investigation until a period so late in the session that it was now impossible to prosecute it effectually. When he had concluded, the Previous Question was put and carried, and the resolution passed—only six voting in the negative.

On Wednesday, the bill restricting the sales of Public Lands was again before the Senate. Mr. Clay moved to reconsider the vote in favor of graduating the price of lands (which he had voted for under a misapprehension!) but before any decision was had, the whole subject was postponed to Friday.

A bill from the Land Committee virtually repealing the Treasury Order passed through its first stages without opposition. (It will doubtless have become a law before we issue another paper)

A bill instructing the Treasury Department to anticipate the payment of the indemnity instalments becoming due under the French and Neapolitan treaties, was considered and rejected: Yeas 19, Nays 22.

In the House, a resolution offered by Mr. Hawes, providing that all memorials relating to the Abolition of Slavery be laid on the table, and no further action be had thereupon, was adopted (debate having been cut off by the Previous Question:) Yeas 129; Nays 69.

A bill to regulate the pay and mileage of Members of Congress (designed to prevent overcharges) was carried through all its incipient stages and engrossed: Yeas 186; Nays 16.

The Michigan Bill came up, and those opposed to the recent proceedings in Michigan wished it committed to a Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union. This was opposed by the friends of the bill, and defeated: Yeas 86, Nays 110—so the bill would come up in course for the direct action of the House on the following day.

MR. WEBSTER'S PROTEST.

Against the Passage of the Expunging Resolution.

The debate having closed, and the question being about to be taken, Mr. WEBSTER rose, and addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: Upon the truth and justice of the original resolution of the Senate, and upon the authority of the Senate to pass that resolution, I had an opportunity to express my opinions at a subsequent period, when the President's protest was before us. Those opinions remain altogether unchanged.

And now, had the constitution secured the privilege of entering a PROTEST on the journal, I should not say one word on this occasion; although, if what is now proposed shall be accomplished, I know not what would have been the value of such a provision, however formally or carefully it might have been inserted in the body of that instrument.

But, as there is no such constitutional privilege, I can only effect my purpose by thus addressing the Senate; and I rise, therefore, to make that *Protest* in this manner, in the face of the Senate, and in the face of the country, which I cannot present in any other form.

I speak in my own behalf, and in behalf of my colleague; we both speak as Senators from the State of Massachusetts, and, as such, we solemnly *Protest* against this whole proceeding.

We deny that the Senators from other States have any power or authority to expunge any vote or votes which we have given here, and which we have recorded agreeably to the express provision of the constitution.

We have a high personal interest, and the State whose representatives we are, has also a high interest in the entire preservation of every part and parcel of the record of our conduct, as members of the Senate.

This record the constitution solemnly declares shall be *kept;* but the resolution before the Senate declares that this record shall be *expunged.*

Whether subterfuge and evasion, and, as it appears to us, the degrading mockery of drawing black lines upon the journal, shall or shall not leave our names and our votes legible, when this violation of the record shall have been completed, still the term "to expunge" and the term "to keep," when applied to a record, import ideas exactly contradictory; as much so as the term "to preserve" and the term "to destroy."

A record which is *expunged,* is not a record which is *kept,* any more than a record which is *destroyed* can be a record which is *preserved.* The part expunged is no longer part of the record; it has no longer a legal existence. It cannot be certified as a part of the proceeding of the Senate for any purpose of proof or evidence.

The object of the provision in the Constitution, as we think, most obviously is, that the proceedings of the Senate shall be preserved, in writing, not for the present only, not until published only, because a copy of the printed journal is not regular legal evidence; but preserved indefinitely; preserved, as other records are preserved, till destroyed by time or accident.

Every one must see that matters of the highest importance depend on the permanent preservation of the journals of the two Houses. What but the journals show that bills have been regularly passed into laws, through the several stages; what but the journal shows who are the members, or who is President, or Speaker, or Secretary, or Clerk of the body? What but the journal contains the proof, necessary for the justification of those who act under our authority, and who, without the power of producing such proof, must stand as trespassers? What but the journals show who is appointed, and who rejected by us, on the President's nomination; or who is acquitted, or who convicted, in trials on impeachment? In short, is there, at any time, any other regular and legal proof of any act done by the Senate than the journal itself?

The idea, therefore, that the Senate is bound to preserve its journal only until it is published, and then may alter, mutilate, or destroy it at pleasure, appears to us one of the most extraordinary sentiments ever advanced.

We are deeply grateful to those friends who have shown, with so much clearness, that all the precedents relied on to justify or to excuse this proceeding, are either not to the purpose, or, from the times and circumstances at and under which they happened, are no way entitled to respect in a free government, existing under a written Constitution. But for ourselves, we stand on the plain words of that Constitution itself. A thousand precedents elsewhere made, whether ancient or modern, can neither rescind, nor control, nor explain away these words.

The words are, that "Each House shall KEEP a journal of its proceedings." No gloss, no ingenuity, no specious interpretation, and much less can any fair or just reasoning reconcile the process of expunging with the plain meaning of these words, to the satisfaction of the common sense and honest understanding of mankind.

If the Senate may now expunge one part of the journal of a former session, it may, with equal authority, expunge another part, or the whole. It may expunge the entire record of any one session, or of all sessions.

It seems to us inconceivable how any men can regard such a power, and its exercise at pleasure, as consistent with the injunction of the Constitution. It can make no difference what is the completeness or incompleteness of the act of expunging, or by what means done; whether by erasure, obliteration, or defacement; if by defacement, as here proposed, whether one word or many words are written on the face of the record; whether little ink or much ink is shed on the paper; or whether some part, or the whole, of the original written journal may yet by possibility be traced. If the act done be an act to expunge, to blot out, to obliterate, to erase the record, then the record is expunged, blotted out, obliterated, and erased.—And mutilation and alteration violate the record as much as obliteration or erasure. A record, subsequently altered, is not the original record. It no longer gives a just account of the proceedings of the Senate. It is no longer true. It is, in short, no journal of the real and actual proceedings of the Senate, such as the Constitution says each House shall keep.

The Constitution, therefore, is, in our deliberate judgement, violated by this proceeding in the most plain and open manner.

The Constitution, moreover, provides that the yeas and nays on any question shall, at the request of one-fifth of the members present, *be entered on the journal.* This provision most manifestly gives a personal right to those members who may demand it, to the entry and preservation of their votes on the record of the proceedings of the body, not for one day or one year only, but for all time. There the yeas and nays are to stand for ever, as permanent and lasting proof of the manner in which members have voted on great and important questions before them.

But it is now insisted that the votes of members, taken by yeas and nays, and thus entered on the journal as matter of right, may be expunged; so that that which it requires more than four-fifths of the Senators to prevent from being put on the journal may nevertheless be struck off and erased the next moment, or at any period afterward, by the will of a mere majority; or, if this be not admitted, then the absurdity is adopted of maintaining that this provision of the Constitution is fulfilled by merely preserving the yeas and nays on the journal, after having expunged and obliterated the very resolution or the very question on which they were given and to which alone they refer—leaving the yeas and nays thus a mere list of names, connected with no question, no subject, no vote. We put it to the impartial judgement of mankind, if this proceeding be not, in this respect also, directly and palpably inconsistent with the Constitution.

We protest, in the most solemn manner, that other Senators have no authority to deprive us of our personal rights, secured to us by the Constitution, either by expunging, or obliterating, or mutilating, or defacing the record of our votes, duly entered by yeas and nays; or by expunging, and obliterating the resolutions or questions on which those votes were given and recorded.

We have seen, with deep and sincere pain, the Legisla-

tures of respectable States instructing the Senators of those States to vote for and support this violation of the journal of the Senate; and this pain is infinitely increased by our full belief and entire conviction that most if not all these proceedings of States had their origin in promptings from Washington; that they have been urgently requested and insisted on as being necessary to the accomplishment of the intended purpose; and that it is nothing else but the influence and power of the executive branch of this government which has brought the Legislatures of so many of the free States of this Union to quit the sphere of their ordinary duties for the purpose of co-operating to accomplish a measure in our judgment so unconstitutional, so derogatory to the character of the Senate, and marked with so broad an impression of compliance with power.

But this resolution is to pass. We expect it. That cause which has been powerful enough to influence so many State Legislatures, will show itself powerful enough, especially with such aids, to secure the passage of the resolution here.

We make up our minds to behold the spectacle which is to ensue.

We collect ourselves to look on in silence, while a scene is exhibited which, if we did not regard it as ruthless violation of a sacred instrument, would appear to us to be little elevated above the character of a contemptible farce.

This scene we shall behold, and hundreds of American citizens, as many as may crowd into these lobbies and galleries, will behold it also: with what feelings I do not undertake to say.

But we PROTEST, we most solemnly PROTEST, against the substance and against the manner of this proceeding, against its object, against its form, and against its effect. We tell you that you have no right to mar or mutilate the record of our votes given here, and recorded according to the constitution: we tell you that you may as well erase the *yeas and nays* on any other question or resolution, or on all questions and resolutions, as on this; we tell you that you have just as much right to falsify the record, by so altering it as to make us appear to have voted on any question, as we did not vote, as you have to erase a record, and make that page a blank, in which our votes, as they were actually given and recorded, now stand. The one proceeding, as it appears to us, is as much a falsification of the record as the other.

Having made this PROTEST, our duty is performed. We rescue our own name, character, and whatever the wayward character of the times, the headlong and plunging spirit of party devotion, or the fear or the love of power, may have been able to bring about elsewhere, we desire to thank God that they have not, as yet, overcome the love of liberty, fidelity to true republican principles, and a sacred regard for the constitution, in that state whose soil was drenched to a mire, by the first and best blood of the revolution. Massachusetts, as yet, has not been conquered; and while we have the honor to hold seats here as her Senators, we shall never consent to a sacrifice of her rights, or our own; we shall never fail to oppose what we regard as a plain and open violation of the constitution of the country; and we should have thought ourselves wholly unworthy of her if we had not, with all the solemnity and earnestness in our power, PROTESTED against the adoption of the resolution now before the Senate.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Susquehanna, Capt. Cropper, arrived off the Capes of the Delaware on Sunday last, in the short passage of twenty-four days from Liverpool, bringing papers to the 17th ult.—twenty-two days later. The news, however, is of moderate interest. The Money Market of London is easier, and stocks had advanced. There is nothing else from Great Britain, except the accounts of a tremendous hurricane, which we abridged below.

FRANCE.—The French expedition against Constantine in Africa has met with a most unexpected and calamitous defeat. It appears that one of those tremendous storms for which the Barbary coast is remarkable, conspired to aggravate if it did not occasion the disaster. The French army returned to Bona with the reported loss of their artillery, stores, &c., beside which a great number of the soldiers who escaped the muskets of the Arabs had their feet and hands frozen, and died of mortification. The Duke de Nemours, second son of Louis Philippe, was with the army, but escaped injury.

SPAIN.—It appears that Espartero has met with a check near Bilbao. The reported defeat of Gomez, brought by the late arrival from Cadiz at New York, is not confirmed.

Letters from Bayonne of the 9th inst. state that Espartero had positively fallen back upon Portugalette, into which place he had re-entered. The *corps de reserve*, consisting of 4,000 men, whom he had expected, arrived at Castro on the 5th. In an affray on that day exactly opposite Portugalette, the division of Espartero must have suffered severely, as 200 of his wounded in the action had been conveyed to the latter town.

BAYONNE, December 10, 3 o'clock.

Nothing new from Bilbao. It is believed that the capture of the town will depend upon the result of the operations against Espartero, who was joined on the 6th, at Portugalette by five battalions of the reserve. The Carlists have made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the bridge of the Desierto. Brigadier Albuin on the 4th took from Cabrera 450 more horses. The Bishop of Pampeluna is among the prisoners.

Gomez reached Alcaudete on the evening of the 29th, and was there attacked by the constitutionalists (it does not appear that they were commanded by Alaix), routed, but not intercepted. These tidings come from the Junta of Alcaudete. The postmaster of Manzanares gives later tidings of the Carlist Chief, stating that he passed the Sierra Morena, by Despenaperros, and was coming in the direction of Manzanares. This account is dated the 3d.

Notwithstanding these accounts (some of which it will be perceived are of ancient date,) the defeat of Gomez was not fully credited in Paris.

From the London Morning Herald of Dec. 10.

PORTUGAL.—The last intelligence from Portugal is fraught with melancholy importance, as regards the situation of affairs in that country. Whilst the energies and efficiency of the existing government are paralyzed by domestic faction and cabal at home, its very existence is threatened from without by the movements of the Miguelite party, to the strengthening of whose pretensions the recent dissensions and violent distractions have recently contributed. A smart squadron of steamers and other vessels has been actually seen hovering upon the coast of the Algarves, ready to land there or upon the northern shores,—with levies to the amount of some 1500 men which the Prince has raised among his friends. This expedition is in every respect calculated to inspire alarm.—From all that has transpired with respect to the tone of public feeling in the Algarves, the Government of the Queen have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, should they make a descent; for the zeal of the partisan Remechido, and the impotence of the government troops in that province have already opened the way for the advent of Miguel. The same feeling, too, seems to be developing itself more extensively and formidably in other parts of the kingdom. In the north the Miguelite partisans have felt themselves so assured of their strength, as not to decline an open collision with the National Guards; and near Braga an encounter took place in which the latter were worsted with some loss, a Lieut. General having been made prisoner. All the preceding reports of the attempted military insurrection at Elvas, of the undisguised intention of the National Guards to meet and compel the Queen to dismiss her present ministry, receive confirmation. Government appears to be surrounded and oppressed by difficulties on all sides; weakened by unpopularity, pinched by want of means, embarrassed by factions and interfering partisans, bullied by the clubs and menaced by an open enemy, it appeared to know not what way to turn, but waited till the war, or the caprice of fortune, offered a chance of escape or certain ruin.

BONA, Nov. 30.

(Private Letter.)—"We arrived here this morning from Constantine. Our expedition has proved a complete failure. We were unable to enter that unfortunate city. I shall not of course speak to you of our successes, but of our reverses. We extricated ourselves from a situation out of which we were too happy to escape. We were strangely deceived. The Arabs did not come to meet us; we encountered a powerful resistance, and our means were too limited to triumph over our fierce adversaries.—We attempted all that human power could do. The honor of our army is safe. We remained three days before Constantine; we threw 1400 projectiles into the place, and made two assaults on it, but all in vain. Retreat became unavoidable; the men had nothing to eat, and the horses were without forage for three days, and we were surrounded by 10,000 or 12,000 of Achmet's horsemen, who expected that not one of us would escape. We were within eight days' march of Bona, and our ammunition almost entirely exhausted. Still we arrived here, but in what condition, and at the price of what sacrifices! How many unhappy wounded, and men exhausted with fatigue, were we obliged to abandon to the discretion of the Arabs!—What sufferings for the remainder! More than one-fourth of our army has perished, and those who have been fortunate enough to return are in the most deplorable state imaginable. As in the campaign of Moscow, the elements were against us. You can form no idea of the rain and hail of this country. Snow fell during seven days. Numbers of our soldiers died of cold, but what is still worse, a multitude of them have had their feet frozen and mortified. Constantine being situate in the midst of mountains, snow is as frequent in its environs as in the north of Europe."

Revolt of the Spanish Royal Guard.—Two hundred and sixty soldiers of the Royal Guard revolted on the 17th Nov. They were speedily subdued, and every fifth man ordered to be shot. After three had been punished, the Queen Regent remitted the sentence of the others.

The Emperor of Russia.—This despot is said by the London papers to be deranged, and that his mental alienation exhibits itself in a most distressing manner. His grandfather, Peter the third, and his father, Paul, were the greatest madmen in Europe: and, therefore, the malady may be accounted for by hereditary predisposition. His brother Constantine's conduct can only be accounted for by confirmed lunacy

It is said that the disease has been augmented by a fall from a sled, which the Emperor received while sledding down a "Russian Mount."

It was reported in Berlin, that a conspiracy in the Russian army had been discovered.

Hurricane in England.—The southern coast of England, and the northern shores of France were visited on the 29th Nov. by one of the most awful tornadoes ever known.—The list of shipwrecks is frightful. The barque Isabella, Capt. Kurtz, from this city to Amsterdam, had been wrecked on the English coast. The hurricane swept through the southern and middle counties, producing dreadful havoc. Coaches were upset, trees and houses blown down, and the stocks of farm yards scattered to the winds. Many lives were lost in different parts of the kingdom, and much property destroyed by the sudden inundations which succeed the torrents of rain. London did not escape the fury of the storm, but suffered great damage.

Intelligence from Captain Back.—We rejoice to perceive that authentic news has reached the English Admiralty from this fearless navigator up to Aug. 1, when he was in lat. 62, long. 71, in Hudson's Straits. There was much thick ice on the coast. Our readers are aware that he is in the ship Terror, and that his destination is Wager River, on the western shore of Sir Thos. Roe's Welcome. He is there to ascertain the most convenient place for transporting boats and stores across the intervening isthmus: and, having placed his ship in security he is to proceed, with the resources thus placed at his command, both north and west along the shores of Regent's Inlet, to connect the point whence he will thus start both with Hecla and Fury Strait and Point Turnagain.

General Jackson and Louis Philippe.—It is stated that at the audience which General Cass, the American Minister, had of the King, he delivered to His Majesty a private letter from General Jackson, disavowing, in a manner most honorable to himself, all the injurious interpretations given to certain phrases used by him in his celebrated message to the American Congress, and to some of his acts. He likewise announces his intended retirement from the Presidency, and from public life altogether, and his determination of paying a visit to France.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the South America, we have London papers to the 19th December. The news by her has been principally anticipated by the arrival of the Susquehanna at Philadelphia. We give below a few items mostly in relation to the defeat of the French army in Africa.

A letter from Bona, dated Dec 1, says, Marshal Clauzel re-entered Bona on the 30th Nov. at the head of 1200 men only, and the greater part of these were ill, or suffering under extreme fatigue.

The following is the conclusion of the telegraphic despatch respecting the disaster before Constantine. But a portion of this is given by the ministerial papers, the remainder being forwarded by our correspondent.

"The operation was continued on the third day, and the gate was taken, but badly. My wish was to quarter some sappers there, and afterwards some grenadier companies, in order to effect an entrance into the town; but the attempt failed of success. The only resource which then remained for us was to retire, as we had no provisions.—The half of our subsistence for fifteen days had been nearly buried in the mire at Mansoure, and had been abandoned or plundered by the soldiers entrusted with the duty of defended it.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th we quitted our positions at Mansoure, at the distance of 750 feet from the place; and also our position at Condiat Atia, at the gate of the south where the vanguard was stationed. We were at first followed by some hundred men from the place. Horsemen advanced upon us from every direction, but their number, which at first might have been nearly 2,000, diminished on the following days, and we saw no more of them on the fourth day at Rachel-Aba, where, according to many, we were to meet with certain death.

Our retreat was accomplished in good order. The soldiers though ill, showed excellent conduct. We brought away all our cannon, and I left a good garrison of natives, chiefly at Guelma, which is stronger than Constantine.—Our Arabs see them with pleasure. We thus raise force against force, and, according to the feelings of the Arabs, the power of Achmet must fall before that of our Bey.—Owing to this, perhaps, we shall probably have no need of an expedition to make ourselves masters of Constantine, which is finer, larger, and more important, than either Bona, Algiers, or Oran.

The Duc de Nemours partook of all the army's fatigues and perils. He is in excellent health."

NEW-YORK.

☞ We return our thanks to Hon. Elv Moore, M. C. for his attention in forwarding us a copy of the new list of Post-Offices in the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jugurtha" is most atrocious doggerel. As the effusion of a boy of fourteen, it is passable; but why send such for publication?

"The Wreck of the Oriental Bark," etc. (G. H.) are retained for further consideration. "Musings," (O. S. B.) do.

The dissertation on "North-East Storms," from a valued though infrequent correspondent, will appear forthwith.

"Lines—And what is Life?" (C. A.) are exceptionable, morally and otherwise. The author can evidently write poetry if he chooses.

"*Byron.*"—The fifth volume (last but one) of Dearborn's noble octavo edition of Byron's Poems, Letters and Life (by Moore) has just been issued, forming Vol. XIV. of the publisher's Library of Standard Literature. It embodies Werner or the Inheritance, The Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, The Island, Hours of Idleness, Translations and Imitations, Fugitive Pieces, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, The Curse of Minerva, The Waltz, The Age of Bronze, The Vision of Judgement, The Morgante Maggiore, The Blues, The Third Act of Manfred (in its original shape,) and Occasional Pieces.—The frontispiece (The Maid of Saragoza) pleases us not at all—there is a general coarseness and want of finish about it which should not have been tolerated here. The execution of the letter-press is faultless; but this is so common a circumstance with Mr. Dearborn's books that we must soon cease to remark it, from a mere dislike of repetition. There is no American edition of Lord Byron's Works which can compare with this.

"*Dr. Brigham's Reply to Dr. Reese.*"—We should have noticed this pamphlet on its reception, some weeks since, but it escaped us. It is triumphant, convincing; but there was hardly a necessity for its appearance. No intelligent, unprejudiced person could read Dr. Reese's "Phrenology Known by its Fruits" without an entire conviction that it abounded in misrepresentations and perversions of Dr. Brigham's sentiments—that it was an illiberal and vindictive attack, deceptive in its very title and abusive in its language. Dr. Brigham's answer has only served to fasten the guilt of direct and palpable misquotation upon his assailant; all else might as well have been left to Dr. Reese, who would seem to be an adept at flooring himself. We understand he has a rejoinder in preparation.

"*Bentham's Defence of Usury.*"—Mr. Foster has just published this celebrated treatise as No. III. of his Cabinet Miscellany, and as a separate pamphlet. That it is a production of great conciseness and force has been long since established, and that its reasoning is generally correct as well as cogent we are inclined to believe. We cannot say, however, that our original prepossession in favor of a repeal of all Usury Laws has been strengthened by its perusal. That the restriction of interest in all cases to five, six, or seven per cent. is intrinsically absurd and mischievous, we still firmly believe, but that all legislation upon the rate of interest is injurious, we are inclined to doubt. The assumption that the rate of interest will best regulate itself seems contradicted by the facts adduced by Mr. Bentham—unless it mean that it will regulate itself in the best possible manner for the lender, which we suspect would be the real effect of the repeal demanded. We gather from this treatise that interest is invariably higher where it 'regulates itself' than where the law regulates it; and we apprehend the practical effect of abolishing all restriction upon usury would be to make not only the rate of interest but the current value of every thing else depend upon the tenderness of money-lenders' consciences—a very precarious dependence, we fear. However, let every man read Mr. Bentham's Defence of Usury—it is worth reading at any rate—but it will not proselyte the world.

"*Guide to the Lord's Supper.*"—Such is the title of a miniature volume of 150 pages, from the press of J. S. Taylor. It is mainly composed of pertinent selections from the writings of Dr. Morrison, Dr. Mason, Dr. Owen, Archbishop Leighton, President Dwight, Bishop Summers, Dr. Scott, and other distinguished theologians who have treated on the Eucharist.

"*Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature and Art.*"—The December No. of this excellent periodical completes Vol. II. of the new and enlarged series, and Vol. XXX. of the work since its commencement. This number contains 230 large double-column pages of neatly executed letter-press, equal to at least three ordinary duodecimo volumes, costing the subscriber 50 cents! It is made up of forty-nine articles—Reviews, Tales, Biographies, Poems, Essays—from eighteen different British journals of the better class—Quarterlies, Magazines, Annuals, &c. Terms $6 per annum. The work ought to be, and we presume is, handsomely patronized.

"*The Pleasures of Friendship and other Poems, by Dr. James McHenry.*"—The main poem here presented is a neat 18mo. volume of some two hundred pages comes to us clothed in the garb of a seventh edition, thereby furnishing gratifying evidence to its author of the estimation in which he is held by the reading world. Dr. McHenry is well known as the writer of a series of papers in the American Quarterly Review criticising the modern or Lake school of poetry, and contrasting it unfavorably with the verse of the old English poets.

Without entering into the merits of that controversy farther than to state that he acquitted himself creditably, we incline to the opinion that in the Pleasures of Friendship we have no unworthy sample of the critic's ability to write after the style he eulogizes, as it is plain and unpretending in arrangement, smooth in its versification, and free from the blemishes of grandiloquent imagery, so frequently introduced into the rhyme of the day.

If poetry, to be correct, should be graded to a level with the comprehension of the uneducated mass, then we think the poem of which we are now discoursing possesses merit, as it is clear of unnecessary verbiage, and attempts no flights into realms where common sense refuses to follow.

The minor poems are some few of the Doctor's fugitive productions, and are pretty.

We understand that "The Antediluvian," a poem in ten cantos, by the same author will be put to press so soon as the necessary arrangements are completed for its simultaneous emission from the English press. Grigg & Elliott, Philadelphia, are the publishers. We believe there is no agent for the work in this city. F.

Our Legislature are still engaged upon the important and difficult subject of the Banking system. Mr. Maison's bill to repeal the Restraining Law by imposing still greater and more vexatious restraints has been pretty essentially demolished. In fact, we believe most of its provisions have been abandoned. The Senate have more recently had under consideration an amendment proposed by Mr. Tracy of Buffalo, giving to individuals and private companies the right to issue bills of a larger denomination than fifty dollars. Mr. Young of Saratoga is among the foremost champions of this and all similar measures.

In the House, a proposition for a general overhauling of the Safety Fund system, with a view to its modification or subversion, has been laid on the table. The resolution instructing the Bank Committee to report against any further increase of Bank capital this session was finally rejected—Ayes 70, Noes 49.

On Tuesday, on petition of many citizens of Oneida County, a full investigation of the affairs of the new Oneida Bank was ordered by the Senate. Mr. Lacy offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee on domestic and political machinery, to which should be referred that portion of the Governor's Message, eulogizing the National Administration and censuring the Opposition.—Lost. The bill for the repeal of the Restraining Law was then taken up, and a smart skirmish ensued between Mr. Young of Saratoga and Gen. Maison of Dutchess. No question taken.

In the House, Mr Roosevelt introduced a bill in relation to Pilots. Mr. J. Allen offered a preamble and resolutions in favor of the Expunging process, which prevailed: Ayes 93, Noes 32. (At least, 'a day after the fair.') Mr. Cutting offered a series of resolutions instituting a general investigation into the alleged usurious practices of Banks. Mr. Roosevelt called up his resolution on the same subject. The bill to divide the eleventh Ward of this city passed to a third reading.

Most Righteous.—A suit brought against the Boston and Providence Railroad Company by seven persons who had their limbs broken and were otherwise injured in a collision between two trains of cars on their Road, was tried before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts last week, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiffs of $3,000 to one of them, $2,250 each to two, $1,500 to a fourth, and $175 to the two remaining—in all, $11,350. We are happy to be assured that, though corporations have no souls, they have yet capacious pockets, and that the fingers of those they abuse may occasionally be got into them. The injury sustained was entirely attributable to the foolhardiness of the engineer.

The second trial of Richard H. White, for setting fire to the building of the U. S. Treasury Department at Washington in 1834, commenced on Thursday the 5th and closed on Tuesday the 10th inst. The jury returned a verdict that "We are of opinion that the offence, as charged, was committed by the prisoner; but find him Not Guilty upon the plea of limitations, more than two years having elapsed from the committing of the offence to the finding of the indictment." This was claimed by Mr. Brent for the prisoner as a verdict of acquittal; but the court demurred and detained the prisoner for further argument on the technical point.

Hon. Dabney Carr, Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, died at his residence near Richmond on the 8th inst. in the 64th year of his age, highly beloved and deeply lamented.

Col. Almonte, Secretary of Gen. Santa Ana, arrived in Washington on Wednesday. Santa Ana himself was expected on the following day. (Another account says that he did arrive on Wednesday evening).

Dividends.—The Bowery Savings Bank has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. per annum for the last six months on all sums under $500, and 4 per cent. for all over that amount, payable on the 16th inst.

The Bowery Insurance Co. has declared an extra dividend of 10 per cent. on the capital stock out of the surplus profits of the past year, payable on the 23d inst.

The Dutchess County Bank has declared a dividend of 4½ per cent. for the last four months. This is the 5th dividend in the last 8 months.

The Neptune Insurance Co. has declared a dividend of 7 per cent. for the last six months, payable on the 20th instant.

The Bank of Kentucky has declared a dividend of 4 per cent. payable on and after the 17th inst. at the Union Bank in this city.

The Atlantic Insurance Company has declared a dividend of 25 per cent. for the last six months, payable on the 20th inst.

The Ocean Insurance Co. has declared a dividend of 6 per cent. and an extra of 6 per cent. for the last 6 months payable on the 9th inst.

The Dry Dock Co. 4 per cent. for the last 6 months payable on the 11th inst.

The Boston and Worcester Railroad Co. has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. payable on the 20th inst.

The Brooklyn and Jamaica Railroad Co. has declared a dividend of 2 dollars per share payable after the 10th instant.

The Merchants' Fire Insurance Co. has declared a dividend of 8 per cent. payable on the 15th inst.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies have declared a dividend of 6 per cent. upon the joint stock of the above companies for the last six months payable on the 10th inst.

The Jackson Marine Insurance Co. has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. for the last six months payable on the 5th inst.

The New-York Insurance Co. has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. for the last six months payable on and after the 9th inst.

The Bank of Tecumseh, says the Tecumseh Democrat, now in operation.

Fire at Newark.—On Tuesday night last, the extensive coach factory at Newark, belonging to Mr. Wilson Lloyd, was destroyed by fire, with a large quantity of stock. It was a frame building of three stories, 100 feet in length. The total loss is estimated at $15,000, of which about $10,000 is insured.

Reuben M. Whitney refuses to answer any questions in relation to his connection with the Deposite Banks. He tells the Committee of Investigation that it is a private matter between him and those banks, and he does not choose to gratify their curiosity. We suspected the Committee would find Reuben an ugly customer.

Attempt to rob the mail.—On Friday night, an attempt was made to rob the United States mail between Georgetown and Washington, near the residence of Mr. Secretary Forsyth, between eight and nine o'clock. The marauders were three in number, and they succeeded in depriving the rider of his horn; but the boy gallantly kept possession of the mail bag, and screamed for help, which was fortunately at hand, and the rider, and the citizen who succored him, returned to the office at Washington, with the bag.

Fire at Detroit.—On the morning of the 4th inst. the Detroit Free Press establishment was destroyed by fire, together with $3,000 worth of paper; nothing saved except the books. 3,000 insured. Several adjacent buildings, with the stores under the office, were all destroyed.

United States Arsenal burnt.—The United States Arsenal at Watertown, Massachusetts, containing 70,000 stand of arms, was entirely destroyed by fire on Wednesday last. The value of property destroyed cannot be much short of a million of dollars.

Frightful accident.—A slip from the Augusta (Ga.) Courier, under date of January 11, says:—"While the workmen were engaged yesterday in excavating the earth of the 23d section of the Georgia railroad, the embankment fell in and buried eight men, six of whom perished before the earth could be removed. Their remains were brought into this city to-day, and deposited in one grave."

From the Knickerbocker for January.

LINES:

Suggested by a visit to the Shaker Settlement, near Albany.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Mysterious worshippers!
Are ye indeed the things ye seem to be,
Of Earth—yet of its iron influence free—
From all that stirs
Our being's pulse, and gives to fleeting life
What well the Hun hath termed 'the rapture of the strife!'

Are the gay visions gone,
Those day-dreams of the mind, by Fate there flung,
And the fair hopes, to which the soul once clung
And battled on;
Have ye outlived them? All that must have sprung
And quicken'd into life when ye were young?

Does Memory never roam
To ties that, grown with years, ye idly sever,
To the old haunts, that ye have left for ever—
Your early homes?
Your ancient creed, once Faith's sustaining lever,
The lov'd, who erst pray'd with you—now may never?

Has not Ambition's pæan
Some power within your hearts to wake anew
To deeds of higher emprise—worthier you,
Ye monkish men,
Than may be reap'd from fields?—do ye not rue
The drone-like course of life ye now pursue?

The camp—the council—all
That woos the soldier to the field of fame—
That gives the sage his meed—the bard his name
And coronal—
Bidding a people's voice, their praise proclaim:
Can ye forego the strife, nor own your shame?

Have ye forgot your youth,
When Expectation soared on pinions high,
And Hope shone out, in Boyhood's cloudless sky,
Seeming all truth—
When all look'd fair to Fancy's ardent eye,
And Pleasure wore an air of sorcery?

You, too! What early blight
Has wither'd your fond hopes, that ye thus stand,
A group of sisters, 'mong this monkish band!
Ye creatures bright!
Has Sorrow scored your brows with demon hand,
Or o'er your hopes pass'd Treachery's burning brand?

Ye would have graced right well
The bridal scene—the banquet, or the bowers
Where mirth and revelry usurp the hours—
Where, like a spell,
Beauty is sovereign—where man owns its powers,
And Woman's tread is o'er a path of flowers.

Yet seem ye not as those
Within whose bosoms memories vigils keep:
Beneath your drooping lids no passions sleep.
And your pale brows
Bear not the tracery of emotions deep—
Ye seem too cold and passionless to weep!

Correspondence of the New Yorker.

OFF-HAND NOTES OF A MOVING GENTLEMAN.

NO. II. Tallahassee, Dec. 25, 1836.

I have just come in from witnessing the reception of General Call by the citizens of Tallahassee. The scene to me was one of thrilling interest. The General with his manly though debilitated person wrapped in a blanket-coat, thread-worn, and otherwise bearing the marks of the campaign, was seated in a barouche with two attendants, and had driven up in front of the capitol, escorted by some nine or twelve rifle-men on their lean horses, as his guard from the war, by the citizens on horse back, and a company of city-guards in uniform. The General was received in this position, and addressed by Gov. Branch from the piazza of the building as the General sat uncovered in his barouche. The orator narrated the circumstances of the Territory when the General took the field,—stated the private calamity under which he was suffering at the time he went forth, (alluding to the death of Mrs C.) and specified the difficulties with which he had to contend; and yet amid all these circumstances, when others were flying from the Territory with their families to protect them from the foe, the General took the field, and had showed himself their worthy defender, their friend, and their benefactor. If amid the difficulties with which he had to contend he had not entirely subdued the enemy, and he had been made the object of unjust reflection, he yet had struck the blow which had broken the power of the foe, and left them to the easy subjugation of those who have taken his place in the field, which he had cleared of the enemy had not the orders of the war-department prevented his further action. The orator further alluded to the circumstances and the coincidents of the war, excusing, and eulogising, and defending the General's course, and concluded in tendering the hearty welcome of the citizens to the General on his return to his home.

This speech was in keeping with the occasion, and was responded to by three cheers, and a flourish of all the martial music the company possessed.

The General then rose. No one can look upon his person and not admire its manliness. I had seen him nearly a year before. He was now much changed. It was the change which war, fatigue, and sickness gather over a soldier in actual service. But there was exhibited a brow that told you that decision was the characteristic of the person who possessed it, and that such a man would not brook an insult,—and was an honorable man in his high bearing. His eye is large. It was now somewhat sunken from debility. But it rolled as but few eyes roll for their spirit and beauty. He thanked the citizens through the orator for their civility and kindness. There is no time when such kindness comes with more welcome to one's heart, than when that person feels that he has been injured. So it came to him on this occasion. The General then went on to state the circumstances of his taking the field, and the difficulties with which he had to contend. He went forth, he said, with one purpose—never again to return until he had subdued that race of people who had so marred the peace, and destroyed the happiness of the Territory. He did not know, he said, that he should have accomplished his one purpose, of entirely conquering and subduing the foe; but he knew that he would have accomplished his further purpose of laying his corpse in a forest grave, before he had re-sought this place, while that foe remained unsubdued, had he not been superseded by another in command, at the very point too when success seemed about to grant him triumph entire. He had no cause to complain of the order simply, which placed at the head of the army another officer, and (as he generously paid the compliment) an abler general than himself, who would accomplish all and more than he could have accomplished, but the order had been accompanied by *reflections which were unjust*. This alone was what could give him the least mortification. And, said the General, raising his manly person from the slight inclination upon his service-worn sword, on which he had thus far been leaning, "I, of all persons am not the one to yield to insult. I have demanded a court of inquiry, and will show to the world that justice and honor shall award to my actions, the commendation of doing all that the circumstances of the army could effect. The President, he continued, I have loved from my boyhood. I owe him much—very much. He might have commanded my life, *but he cannot touch my honor!*" The citizens here cheered the General. The sentiment is fine. The General then gave a lucid but brief statement of his movements—the difficulties he had to surmount—how far he had pushed the enemy—and the probabilities of success which were immediately before him. He concluded by reciprocating his feelings of interest for the citizens of Tallahassee, and was cheered by many warm hearts and kind voices.

During his speech he made several allusions that were feeling and eloquent. His style was chaste and beautiful, beyond my previous conception of his powers of expression. And as I marked his quivering voice at different parts of his speech, I could almost have shed a tear myself, as I thought of his domestic afflictions which in past days have met him in the loss of his wife and children, and recalled the many unjust and heartless remarks, in which editors of papers, and *jealous men*, in place and out of place, deem it their privilege to indulge.

That General Call has done his part as a *brave* and *judicious*, and *successful* officer in this war, I believe will be fully shown. He has done more than all the other Generals to cripple, and to strike terror into the enemy. And had he been permitted to follow up his measures and success a few weeks longer, I have no doubt that he had finished the war.

He allowed Oseola the merit of a patriot and hero, fighting with 250 warriors with him for his country, who determined to the last to dispute the ground that contains the mounds of their fathers.

Northern people unacquainted with the localities in Florida, can hardly estimate the difficulties to be contended with in this protracted and ill-fated war. It is always much easier to censure than to execute. And it is a very pretty thing for a newspaper editor to round a paragraph by a satire upon deserving men. They deal too much in generals, which is always an easy style of composition, and serves to fill a column, and make an editorial, as well as the more difficult and useful disquisitions, upon particulars that may be inspected as matters of fact and evidence.

The weather in Florida, they say, has been unusually cold for the season. We argue that you must have been living among snow storms, icebergs, and hail stones at the North for some weeks past.

Medical Anecdote.—There is nothing which mankind are so anxious to preserve, and of which they are so negligent, as life.

Cleora had heard of the fame of the late Dr. G——y, the Scots Esculapius, and posted to Edinburg, to consult him about her health. As soon as she got there, she sent for the doctor, and talked of lassitude; he told her it was owing to her journey. She said she had no appetite in the evening; the doctor ordered her to eat but little dinner; she complained that she was subject to watching; he desired her to go late to bed. She asked why she became so heavy and what remedy for such languor? The doctor replied that she should rise more early and take more exercise. She protested that wine hurt her, he told her to drink water.

"But my eyes fail me," said Cleora.

"Make use of spectacles," replied the doctor.

"My strength likewise (added she) begins to fail me and I am not so healthy as I have been."

"Because you grow in years," answered he.

"And what remedy for that weakness?"

"The shortest, madam (returned the doctor) is to pay the debt of mortality, as so many beauties have done before you."

"Learned physician!" said Cleora, tossing up her head, "is this all the comfort you can give me! Is it for these few maxims that you are so much renowned? You have told me nothing but what I knew already."

"Why did you not, then, make use of your knowledge?" replied the doctor; "I pretend to no divination. If you want mysterious remedies, you might have found them in London, and have saved yourself the trouble of so long a journey."

Growth of Russia.—At the accession of Peter the First, in 1689, the population of the Russian empire was 15 millions; at the accession of Catharine the Second, in 1762, 25 millions; at her death, in 1796, 36 millions; and at the death of the Emperor Alexander, now 11 years since, 58 millions. The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kindom. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, inclusive of the Rhenish provinces. Her acquisition from Turkey in Asia, are nearly equal in dimensions to the whole of the smaller states of Germany. Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to Turkey in Europe. Greece, Italy, and Spain! The acquisitions she has made within the last 64 years are equal in extent and importance to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time. The Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Paris, about 100 miles; towards Constantinople, 500 miles; towards Stockholm, about 630 miles; towards Teheran, 1000 miles.

Indiana Judges.—Governor Noble, in his message to the Legislature of this state, says the office of Supreme Judge is vacated, because the emoluments would not support the family of the incumbent, and that the seat had been offered to all the prominent lawyers in the state, and refused for want of an adequate compensation.

A double murder.—The Louisville (Ky.) Journal of January 7th says:—"We learn that a most disastrous encounter occurred two or three days ago in Plumb Creek in Shelby county. The circumstances, as we are informed, are nearly as follows. There had been for some time a dispute between Mr. John Turnham and Mr. Greenfield Allan—two young gentlemen of wealth and respectability, both just married, in regard to the boundary line between a couple of plantations. On Tuesday or Wednesday last, they met on or near the disputed line, each attended by friends or relatives, and after some wrangling, Turnham shot Allen through the breast with a rifle, whereupon a cousin of Allen, with another rifle, shot Turnham through the head. Both died on the spot."

Judge Wayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, reached Washington on Wednesday. The Court is now full, and will proceed immediately to the trial of Constitutional causes.

From the Columbus, Georgia, Herald of Jan. 3.

Indian Hostilities—Again the hostile Creeks have broke loose and committed depredations and murders. The plantation of Dr. Battle on Cowaga creek was besieged by a party of Indians, five or more in number, who fired upon and killed one white man and two negro men at the same time burning the dwelling and out houses on the premises of Dr. B.

But five Indians were seen on the occasion, but there was reason to believe that a much greater number were concealed in the swamp. It is not known whether these Indians were of those who still remained in Alabama, waiting to be emigrated, or whether they were stragglers returning from Florida.

The question presents itself, why are these Indians permitted to remain in the nation? Government has undertaken to remove them, and why are they still here?—Are there not funds to pay the expense of emigration? Fifty millions in the treasury, and yet about four thousand Indians remaining in Alabama? Among these from 5 to 600 warriors.

The troops have all been removed, but one little company left at Fort Mitchell, a force entirely inadequate to the defence of the country! This subject should be looked into, and these wanderers emigrated with all possible despatch.

TEXAS.—The New Orleans Standard furnishes a very curious account of the action of the different branches of the Texan Government, in relation to Santa Ana. The rumours reaching the ears of the members of Congress, that President Houston intended to liberate the Mexican chiefs, they passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the president be and he is hereby vested with the custody and disposal of all prisoners of war.—Provided, that the prisoners Santa Ana and Almonte shall not be released or set at liberty on any occasion, without the concurrence of the Senate, and that the President shall not have the power to release said prisoners during the recess of the Senate.

This resolution was immediately vetoed by Gen. Houston. The Congress, notwithstanding, passed it again by the constitutional majority of two-thirds, and it became a law. President Houston, driven to extremity, and determined to release Santa Ana at all hazards, pronounced the resolution unconsitutional, and a usurpation of his executive authority, and, in the face of the law of Congress, set Santa Ana free, and put the whole Congress at defiance. The army being with the President in all things, Congress succumbed.

TALLAHASSEE, Florida, Jan. 4.

THE WAR.—We have been informed by Col. Wyatt, who left Tampa Bay on the 22d ult. that Gen. Jesup was at that place. The General had scoured the country on the Withlacoochee—searched the Wahoo Swamp, and found no Indians. The army, it is believed, retreated to the South immediately after the battle of the 21st. Gen. Jesup is engaged in establishing a line of posts across the Peninsula, with a view of preventing the return of the enemy, upon our frontiers, and to relieve the inhabitants from the apprehension of any present danger from their lawless incursions. He intends to march against Oscola, as soon as his plans are properly matured. From all we are at present able to learn, we think that if the entire subjugation of our foes is not speedily effected, the Territory will at least be relieved from the fear of any future depredations upon the lives and property of its inhabitants.

The Tennessee Brigade left Tampa for New Orleans, where they will be mustered out of service, and return to their homes. [Florida Watchman.

FROM THE WEST.

From the Wheeling Times of the 14th inst.

Gen. Santa Ana arrived in town yesterday on his way to Washington city, and took lodgings at the United States Hotel. It is expected he will start for the east in a stage to-day. He manifests something approaching to fear for his personal safety. It is unfounded, we believe. As far as this place is concerned, all our citizens agree that he should be received as any other distinguished stranger.—The United States has no quarrel with him or his people, nor have they any right to quarrel with him or them, unless they infringe upon our rights, which Mexico has not yet done.

Ohio River.—The Wheeling Gazette of the 11th inst. says, "the river is completely filled with ice—so much so that it has gorged and jammed up several times; but on account of the moderate state of the weather it could take no hold upon the shore. The water is now at a low stage, and should the thermometer fall any, the river would immediately freeze up.

The effect of bad company.—John Washburn, who was executed at Cincinnati on the 6th inst. for the murder of a man named Beaver, made an address to the crowd before his execution, in which he stated bad company and then intemperance and gambling, &c. had led him step by step to the commission of many atrocious murders, and also stated, says the Cincinnati Whig, "that if he had permission to go through the multitude before him, he could point out twelve or fifteen persons who had been his accomplices in his horrid crimes."

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY LOUISA R. MEDINA,

Spoken at the opening of the Bowery Theatre.

Hail, to the galaxy of beauty bright,
Whose star-eyed circle meets my dazzled sight!
Hail to the Drama's Friends! whom once again
We gladly welcome to the Muse's fane!

Too well remembered is that fearful night
When the Destroyer, with his arm of might,
Wav'd the red fire-brand o'er the lofty dome;
In volumed blaze enwrapt Apollo's home—
Mounted 'midst cloud and flame his burning throne,
And claim'd the falling fabric for his own!

Ye who upon the mighty ruin gazed,
As far and wide the fierce destruction blazed—
And saw the massive fragments madly driven
On tongues of fire careering up to Heaven,—
Ye who beheld Columbia's eagle fall,
And desolation mark the blackening wall,
Say—shall our Phœnix-like and new-raised pile
Win the warm welcome of your favoring smile:
By your applauses cheered—your presence fired,
Shall Genius here bring forth her voice inspired?
Shall our new Temple still obtain your praise
And win from public fame ev'n brighter bays?
The name of 'The American' renew,
And make it worthy of that name and you!

Friends of the Stage! 'Tis your's alone to give
Merit its meed and bid real talent live!
Your's is the praise which confidence imparts,
Your smiles the boon which warms our heart of hearts,
Whether the tragic Muse your tears beguiles,
Or bright-eyed Thalia woos with wanton wiles.—
O'er Pomp and Pageantry in all their pride
The ruling spirits of these walls preside!
In one, in all, your voice alone directs,
Your favor fosters and your frown rejects—
Then grant the boon for which we humbly sue,
And as you're mighty, oh! be generous too!

Prompter's Bell.

Too long, I fear, my prologue you will deem,
The Prompter's bell rebukes my lengthened theme:
One word alone I add—with heart sincere,
Patrons and Friends—welcome, oh! welcome here.

Forrest has made another brilliant hit in his first appearance in Macbeth. The London Chronicle says, it was throughout admirable, and not at all inferior to his Othello. The readings and points were new, striking and original: full of beauty and force. The audience were carried away by the personation and forgot the actor.

"The soliloquy, in what is commonly called the dagger scene, was finely delivered, and wholly unaccompanied by any of those violent starts which we have been in the habit of seeing. The "air-drawn dagger" comes closely upon his vision, and excites no intensity of horror till it is seen marshalling him the way that he was going, and clotted on 'blade and dudgeon" with gouts of blood. Here the expression of horror was admirable, but not more striking than the sudden recovery of self-possession when the vision fades, and he exclaims:—"There's no such thing!" The scene with Lady Macbeth after the murder, was, perhaps, the finest in the whole performance, and it would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a finer piece of acting. As he enters the hall with the bloody daggers in his hand, he continues to gaze behind him, and thus approaches to where Lady Macbeth is standing without being aware of her presence. She stays him by the arm, and he starts with terror in a manner that positively electrifies the house. We have not seen this done before—the effect was one of the most forcible we have ever seen produced upon the stage, and it was acknowledged by several distinct rounds of applause. In the banqueting scene, in the scene with the witches in the fourth act, and again throughout the whole of the fifth act, where one by one he finds his charms dissolved, until at last, wholly unmanned, he would rather fly than fight, Mr. Forrest sustained the part with extraordinary vigor. In the last act indeed the effort to be brave, the assumption of a courage not felt, was very powerfully portrayed, and the burst of passion when he is told that Burnam Wood moved towards Dunsinane, was almost electrical. But it is needless to point out particular passages where all was excellent."

People are on tip-toe to see him. He appears next in Liverpool for eight nights.

Married,

On Thursday, 12th inst. by Rev. Dr. Lyell, Capt. John T. Allen, of the Texian Navy, to Miss Mary D. H. daughter of Abraham Lawrence Braine, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday, 5th inst. by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. Monroe Wheeler to Miss Rebecca Jarvis, both of this city.

On Friday, 13th inst. by the same, Mr. Richard C. Forrest to Miss Elizabeth Hall, both of Philadelphia.

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Millar, Mr. William Dean to Miss Margaret Doyle.

On Sunday, by the same, Mr. Joseph Southworth to Miss Aurelia Cecilia Murdock.

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Ackerman to Miss Ann J. Kirk.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Orson Robbins to Miss Elizabeth Disbrow.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Mr. Dunbar, Mr. James Lightbody, jr. to Miss Mary Ann Borden.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Dr. Knox, Frederick Bellinger, Esq. to Miss Eliza Myers, both of Herkimer.

Died,

On Friday, Robert, son of John Cady, aged 5 years.
On Saturday, Susan Jane, daughter of John Cady, aged 4 years.
On Sunday, Maria Antoinette, daughter of Thomas Delano.
On Sunday, Mr. William Chase, aged 77 years.
On Sunday, Mr. Titus Britten, aged 23 years.
On Sunday, Mr. Alfred Waite.
On Monday, Lorenzo Daw Tenbrook, aged 28 years.
On Monday, Mr Jacob W. Hallett, aged 69 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. William Berrian, aged 69 years.

At Spotswood, N. J. on the 9th inst. Mr. John H. Disborough, aged 37 years.

At Cincinnati, on the 1st inst. Dr. Stephen B. Cleveland, aged 45.

Prices of Country Produce.

Thursday, January 19, 1837.

ASHES—₱ 100 lb		Corn Yellow	— — @ — —
Pots, 1st sort	6 87 @ 7 —	Do. White	1 — @ 1 25
Pearls	6 87 @ 7 —	Do. Southern	— — @ 1 05
CATTLE—₱ cwt.		Oats	70 @ — —
Steers, Prime	6 50 @ 11 —	Beans, ₱ 7 bush	16 — @ 17 —
——Inferior	5 75 @ 6 —	Hemp, Am ₱ ton	130 — @ 140 —
Cows, each	$25 — @ 45 —	Hops, first sort lb	— 8½ @ — 9
Calves, do		PROVISIONS—	
Sheep, do	2 50 @ 5 —	Beef, Mess bbl	12 — @ 13 50
Lambs, do	1 25 @ 2 50	Do. Prime	7 50 @ 8 50
Hay, ₱ cwt	1 — @ 1 37	Do. Cargo	6 — @ — —
Straw, 100 bdls	5 — @ 6 —	Pork, Mess	24 — @ 24 50
FLOUR—₱ barrel,		Do. Prime	17 50 @ 18 —
Troy	— — @ — —	Do. Cargo	— — @ — —
Western	11 75 @ 12 —	Lard, ₱ lb	— 13 @ — 16
Baltimore	— — @ — —	Butter, dairy do	— 25 @ — 26
Richmond	11 50 @ 11 62	Cheese	— 9 @ — 10
Rye Flour	8 25 @ — —	Hams	— 13 @ — 16
Indian Meal	4 75 @ 4 88	WOOL—₱ lb.	
GRAIN—₱ bushel,		Saxony, Fleece	75 @ 80
Wheat, N Riv	— — @ — —	Merino, do	50 @ 68
Do. Genesee	— — @ — —	Do. Pulled	55 @ 60
Do. Virginia	— — @ — —	Common	40 @ 50
Do. N Caro.	— — @ — —	Pulled, Spinning	50 @ 54
Rye Northern	— — @ — —	Lambs'	— @ —

THE NEW-YORKER—QUARTO FORM—NEW SERIES.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Publishers of the New-Yorker commenced in March last, a weekly edition of their publication in quarto form, and made, as they thought, ample provision for supplying as great a number of subscribers as their most flattering hopes led them to believe would patronize the work under its then new arrangement. They have been deceived—agreeably so, in their calculations, inasmuch as the favor shown to the publication rapidly absorbed the whole edition, and constant orders are received for copies, which the Publishers have been unable to supply. With a view to obviate this difficulty, and meet the wishes of the many who desire to patronize the work, the Publishers have resolved to neutralize the blank in the current order of the volume, by changing so far the present arrangement, as to furnish *two volumes in a year*, in lieu of one, as stated in the original prospectus.

On the Twenty-Fourth of September next, therefore, will be issued the first number of a new series of the Quarto New-Yorker, or No. 1 of Vol. II. thus affording to new subscribers an opportunity of beginning with a distinct volume, entirely unconnected with the one preceding, while our original patrons will be advantaged in receiving their copies in a form calculated better for binding in a convenient volume, than under the old arrangement. The distinguishing line between the old and new Series will be indicated at the head of the first page every number; and as no change is contemplated in the size or quality of the work, no inconvenience can result to those who have taken it from the commencement; while, on the other hand, it presents the features of an entirely new publication to those who may date their subscription with the new volume.

Under its improved arrangement, the whole edition for one year will embrace two semi-annual volumes, each containing four hundred and sixteen pages of original and selected matter such as has heretofore been presented to its readers, and which, it is hoped, has been of a character to meet the full approval of the literary and general tastes of the reading community. The two volumes will comprise eight hundred and thirty-two pages, fifty-two of which will be Music.

The aim of the Publishers is to present in a compact, neat, and portable form, a literary and miscellaneous journal adapted to the intellectual wants of their readers; and from the very flattering success that has thus far rewarded their efforts, they indulge the hope that the New-Yorker will continue to receive that share of public favor which it has ever been their study to merit. The expression of cordiality and good feeling manifested by their friends and cotemporaries affords gratifying evidence that the character of their journal has been based upon a correct foundation, and it would therefore be irrelevant to say aught regarding their future intentions, further than to express their determination of leaving no means untried of furnishing a sheet which will bear respectable criticism when compared with any of the periodicals of the day of a similar character.

To those who propose patronizing the work, promptitude in forwarding their orders is earnestly recommended, as from present appearances it is believed that, large as the edition is which will be printed, still the numerous orders daily received for it, will quickly put it out of the power of the Publishers to supply back numbers, and they will not warrant the entire volume to those who may come in late with their subscriptions. Annexed are the conditions which must be strictly adhered to, as the line of conduct laid down will govern the transaction of business between the publishers and patrons.

CONDITIONS.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra-imperial sheet of the finest quality, comprising sixteen pages of three columns each, and afforded to its patrons in city and country, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable inflexibly in advance. Orders from a distance, unaccompanied by a remittance, will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending $5 positively free of postage or other charges will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in the same proportion for a larger sum. The few who may desire to take the folio edition for immediate perusal and the Quarto for binding, will be entitled to receive both for $4 50 in advance. We will cheerfully preserve their files of the Quarto for any such who may desire it.

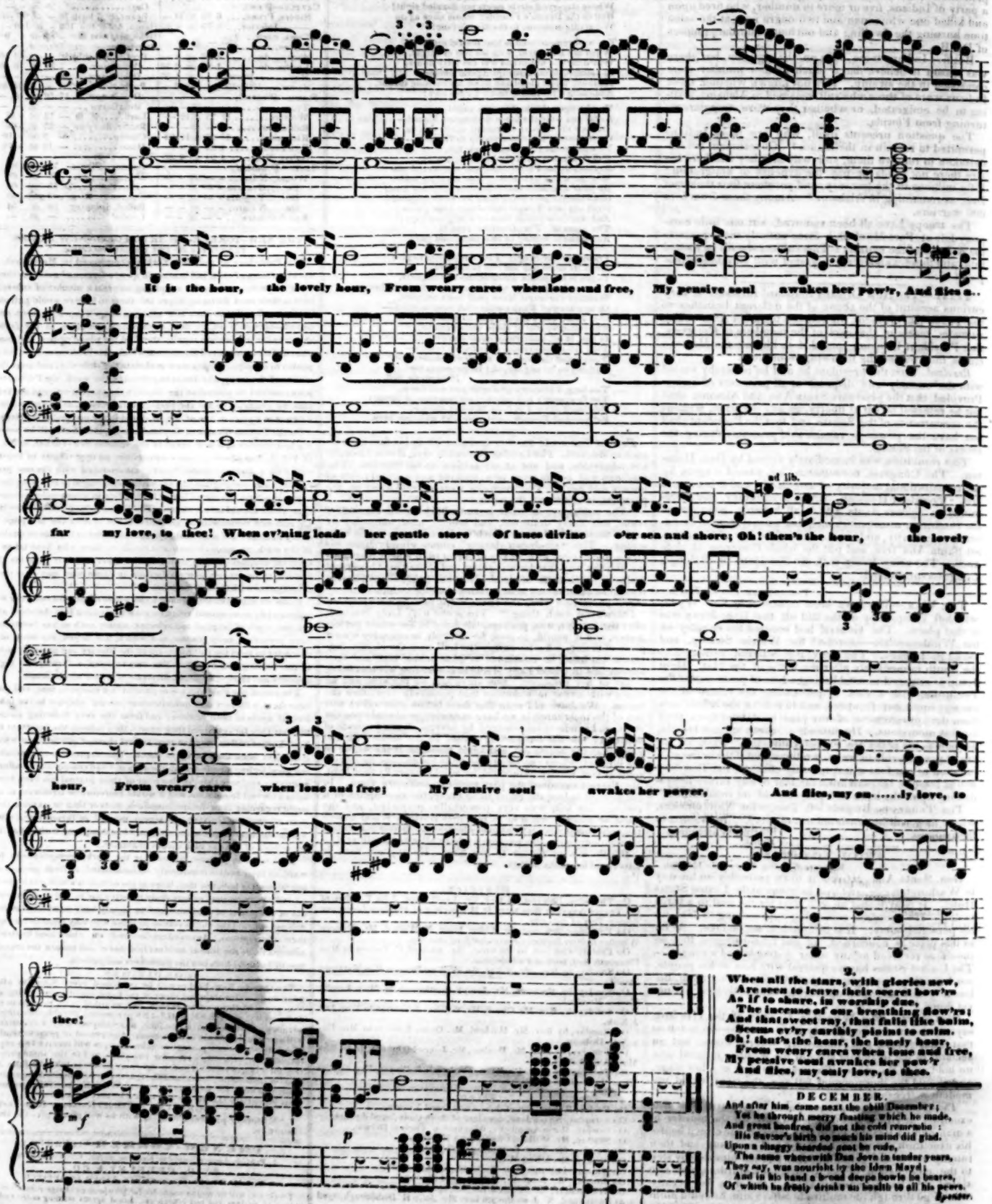
H. GREELEY & CO. 127 Nassau-st. New-York.

*** Editors of papers exchanging with us will please give the above insertion.

THE NEW-YORKER—(QUARTO,)
Is Published every Saturday Evening, at No. 127 Nassau street,
BY H. GREELEY & CO.
TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
Two copies will be sent to one order for $5 where no charge is incurred for agency or postage, but not otherwise. Local agents sending us the cash in advance free of charge will be supplied at the same rate.

IT IS THE HOUR.

A ROMANCE;—COMPOSED BY CHARLES DE BERIOT.



2.

When all the stars, with glories new,
Are seen to leave their secret bow'rs
As if to share, in worship due,
The incense of our breathing flow'rs;
And that sweet ray, that falls like balm,
Seems ev'ry earthly pleasure to calm.
Oh! that's the hour, the lonely hour,
From weary cares when lone and free,
My pensive soul awakes her pow'r
And flies, my only love, to thee.

DECEMBER.

And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember:
His sweaty brows did not him heat, but cool,
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourisht by the Idean Mayd;
And in his hand a brond deepe burnt he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Spenser.